

THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING
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A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

Abroad on a winter's night there ran
Under the starlight, leaping the rills
Swollen with snow-drip from the
hills
Goat-legged, goat-bearded Pan.

He loved to run on the crisp white floor
Where the black hill-torrents chis-
elled grooves,
And he loved to print his clear-cut
hooves
Where none had trod before.

And now he slacked and came to a
stand
Beside a river too broad to leap,
And as he panted he heard a sheep
That bleated near at hand.

"Bell-wether, bell-wether, what do you
say?
Peace and huddle your ewes from
cold!"

"Master but ere we went to fold
Our herdsman hastened away.

"Over the hill came other twain
And pointed the way to Bethlehem
And spake with him and he followed
them
And has not come again.

"He dropped his pipe of the river reed,
He left his scrip in his haste to go,
And all our grazing is under the
snow,
So that we cannot feed."

"Left his sheep on a winter's night?"
Pan folded them with an angry
frown.

"Bell-wether, bell-wether, I'll go down
Where the star shines bright."

Down by the river he met the man;
"Shepherd, no shepherd, thy flock is
lorn."

"Master, no master, a child is born,
Royal, greater than Pan!"

"Lo, I have seen, I go to my sheep
Follow my footsteps thro' the snow
But warily, warily see thou go
For Child and mother sleep."

Into the stable-yard Pan crept
And there in a manger a baby lay.
Beside His mother, upon the hay,
And Child and mother slept.

Pan bent over the sleeping Child,
Gazed on Him panting after his run.
And while he wondered the little one
Opened His eyes and smiled;

Smiled, and after a little space
Struggled an arm from the swaddling
band,
And raising a tiny dimpled hand
Patted the bearded face.

Something snapped in the breast of
Pan,
His heart and his throat and his eyes
were sore,
And he wished to weep as never be-
fore
Since the world began.

And out he went to the silly sheep,
To the fox on the hill, the fish in the
sea,
The horse in the stall, the bird in the
tree
Asking them how to weep.

But they could not teach for they did
not know
The law stands writ for the beast
that's dumb,
That a limb may ache, and a heart
be numb,
But never a tear can flow.

So bear you kindly to-day, O man,
To all that is dumb, and all that is
wild,
For the sake of the Christmas Babe
that smiled
In the eyes of the great god Pan.
The Cornhill Magazine.

SADNESS.

I think that Sadness is an idiot born,
She has no eyes to see the sun in
heaven,
No ears to hear the music of the earth,
No voice to utter forth her own desire.
Mary E. Coleridge.

SOME LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?" The first gleanings of Sir Walter's glorious harvest was done by Lockhart in his inimitable biography of his father-in-law. Many others have since gathered in the same field or a portion of it, and, in later days, Mr. David Douglas has ably edited the great man's journal and his familiar letters. Still a few fragments here and there remain unappropriated, and of these is a bundle of correspondence written to Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk (the burnt tower) and her daughter Miss Anna Jane Clephane. Mrs. Clephane was the widow of General Douglas Clephane, heir to the families of Douglas of Kirkness and Clephane of Carslogie, and his children, of whom the youngest was born after his death, bore the names of their three ancestral families, Douglas Maclean Clephane. General Douglas Clephane had appointed Sir Walter Scott guardian to his children, and the letters before us were written partly on business, partly as friendly correspondence. Everything that came from the pen of Sir Walter was colored by his individuality, and each of these letters gives some hint of the wizard's potent charm. His correspondents were ladies with whom he was in perfect sympathy, so that, in writing to them, he was able, as it were, to let himself go, and always to speak out of the fulness of his heart. Mrs. Clephane was a Highland dame of the noblest type, clever, brave, cultivated and, it may be, somewhat autocratic. From the casual references to her in his journal, and from the tone of his intercourse with her, we can quite imagine that, if required, she might have formed a characteristic figure in one of Sir Walter's romances. She was full of High-

land lore, could join heartily in Sir Walter's quests for Highland ballad and melody, and was constantly referred to by him on doubtful points in verse and tune. Her three daughters were equally sympathetic with their guardian. They had many accomplishments: they were linguists, musicians, and artists, and their cultivation made them fit to take foremost places in Sir Walter's familiar society. The eldest, Margaret, married Earl Compton, and subsequently became Lady Northampton. The second, Miss Anna Jane, died unmarried, and the third, Miss Williamina, married and became the mother of poor Mr. de Norman, who, with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Bowlby, was tortured and done to death in 1860 by Chinese barbarity. The present Marquis of Northampton is the grandson of Margaret, and it is to his kindness that we owe the privilege of reading, and quoting from, Sir Walter's letters to Mrs. and Miss Anna Jane Clephane.

And now for the letters themselves. They are too many to reproduce here *in extenso*. Two of them have in great part already been published, having been included in Lockhart's *Life*, but the remainder, dating from 1809 to 1830, have each their value, from the fresh light that they throw upon the writer's idiosyncrasies and the broad geniality of his character and judgment. It is not intended to go through the letters seriatim, as if one proposed to make a précis, but we may venture to gather some of the fruit with which they are so richly adorned.

And it is only fitting that "Maga," now in her green old age, should first be allowed to quote with pride the hearty words of appreciation with which Sir Walter greeted her *début*, nigh a century ago, in the world of

letters. Writing from Edinburgh to Mrs. Clephane in 1818, he says—

Our principal amusement here is "Blackwood's Magazine," which is very clever, very rash, very satirical, and what is rather uncommon nowadays when such superlatives are going in—very aristocratical and Pittite. The conductors are John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart. The former, well known by his poems, is very clever but somewhat whimsical. Lockhart is a very clever fellow, well informed in ancient and modern lore, has very good manners, and is, I think, likely to make a very distinguished figure in society. They have made themselves hated, but at the same time feared, by the Edinburgh Whigs, who are so much accustomed to have all the satire and fun their own way that they stare a little at finding their own batteries occupied and turned against them. I hate personal satire myself—it is a clumsy weapon and seldom fails to recoil on those who use it. But yet those who have set the example in such a kind of warfare are not entitled to consider themselves as ill-used when met by sharpshooters of their own description.

It was perhaps natural that Sir Walter fell into the universal error that gave the conduct of the Magazine unreservedly to Wilson and Lockhart. At no time did William Blackwood allow the supreme control to pass out of his own hands. It may be allowed that the young lions whom he had harnessed to his car had no little influence in choosing the road to be followed, but they ever were made to feel that the reins were firmly held, and, as the "Annals" record, "the veto was always in Blackwood's hands."

To go back to the first of the letters. It is dated Edinburgh, February 5, 1800, and it is a very sufficient index to the mutual pleasure that Mrs. Clephane and Sir Walter took in their intercourse about the subjects which they loved.

The air, my dear Mrs. Clephane, which you did me the honor to request, I have now the pleasure to send you. It is not, I am told, quite perfect, but it is going where any of its defects (the nature of which I don't understand) will be easily corrected, and its beauties, if it has any, improved. It is really a Highland air and sung by the reapers, so I dare say it is no stranger to you, to whom all lays are known that were ever sung or harped in Celtic bower or hall. I need not say how much I was obliged by your kind remembrance of my request about the Borderer's lament.

Mrs. Scott is not so fortunate as to play much herself, but our eldest girl begins to sing and to practise a little on the pianoforte with some hopes of success. She is indulged with a copy of the ballad, for the beautiful original is reserved to be inserted in a precious volume of mine, in which I keep what I value most. I have not heard of Miss Seward this long time, and grieve at your account of her health. She has a warm enthusiastic feeling of poetry, and an excellent heart, which is a better thing. I have some thoughts of being in London in a few weeks, when I hope to see you, as I have a world of questions to ask about Highland song and poetry, which no one but you can answer. One day or other I hope to attempt a Highland poem, as I am warmly attached both to the country and the character of its inhabitants. My father had many visitors from Argyllshire when I was a boy, chiefly old men who had been *out* in 1745, and I used to hang upon their tales with the utmost delight.

"You mention an air to Lochinvar, but, I believe, mean the enclosed. The said Lochinvar has been lately well set by Dr. Clark of Cambridge. I had no tune particularly in my view when the ballad was written.

The "War-Song of Lachlan, High Chief of Maclean," has been published among Sir Walter's miscellaneous poems, and is probably familiar to all students of his works; but it is interesting to know that it was, in the first

instance, written for and sent to Mrs. Clephane, an enthusiastic clanswoman of Maclean, who, with her daughters, is asked to "accept my attempt" (to versify the Maclean's song) "as a trifling expression of my respect for the clan, and my gratitude for the pleasure I have received in your society particularly." And it is a signal instance of the rapidity with which the author's teeming brain shed its fruits, even amid distracting and uninspiring surroundings. The letter containing the song is dated Half-Moon Street, 1809, and in it Scott says: "On my return home before dinner, finding I had half-an-hour good, I employed it in an attempt to versify the Maclean's song." This was when he was visiting London for the first time since his fame had been crowned by "Marmion," and he was in all the whirl of a society that was eager to offer him homage, besides being desired to be in town by the Lord Advocate with reference to some circumstances in the procedure of the Scottish Law Commission, which had the poet for its secretary. It may be remarked that the first draft of the song, as sent to Mrs. Clephane, differs in some small details from the published version. Whether Sir Walter himself made the alterations, or whether they have crept in by the pains of an editor, cannot be said. The first draft seems to a humble critic to be almost more vigorous than the published version.

As is sufficiently well known, Sir Walter was always ready to give anybody a helping hand, especially in literature, and was never more happy than when doing so. In 1809 he was much interested in making a success of Joanna Baillie's first drama, "The Family Legend," founded upon the story of the Lady's Rock,¹ and we find him inviting himself to tea with Mrs. Clephane and proposing to read to her

the play which had been submitted to him by the authoress. He says: "I have promised to do my possible to bring it out at Edinburgh, and have no doubt of its success, but I wish to consult you about 'a commodity of good names' for the chieftains introduced, for Miss Baillie has not been fortunate in that particular." Mrs. Clephane must have been able to supply the names required, and the eventual representation of the play was a triumphant success. Probably it owed as much to Sir Walter's interest and exertions as to its own merit. As Lockhart says, "Scott appears to have exerted himself most indefatigably in its behalf. He was consulted about all the minutiae of costume, attended every rehearsal, and supplied the prologue. The play was better received than any other which the gifted authoress has since submitted to the same experiment."

In a letter dated October 1809, a forecast was given to Mrs. Clephane of "The Lady of the Lake."

It is neither Ingratitude nor Forgetfulness, my dear Mrs. Clephane, which has kept me so long silent, but that foul fiend Procrastination, which has sometimes the aspect of the first and always the laziness of the other, without, I hope, the more odious qualities of either. Why we should wish to put off till to-morrow that which most we wish to do would be something difficult to conjecture, were there not riddles in our nature more worth solving and as difficult to answer. I will flatter myself, however, that you and my dear young friends sometimes think of me, and without more anger than may justly be bestowed upon a very lazy fellow who is daily thinking of your fireside, without having resolution to embody his enquiries and kind wishes in a piece of square folded paper. I have little to plead from serious occupation, for my autumn has been idly enough spent, heaven knows. I wandered, however, as far as Loch Lomond, and with difficulty checked my-

¹ See Thomas Campbell's ballad, "Glenara."

self from wandering farther and farther. I think the main drag-chain was that I could not hope to find you in Mull, and consequently must forego all hopes of learning Gaelic and acquiring the traditional information with which I should otherwise expect to be delighted. I have besides my Highland epic still in view. I have indeed begun to skirmish a little upon the frontiers of Perthshire and Lennox, into which I was led by the romantic scenery, the number of strange stories connected with it, and above all by the inveterate habit of coupling the lines together by jingling rhymes, as I used to couple spaniels in sporting days. But I reserve my grand effort till I should know a little more of the language, and above all till I can have the honor of visiting you in your lovely isle. The Douglasses enter a good deal into my present sketches, which I have some thoughts of working into a romance, or romantic poem, to be called *The Lady of the Lake*. It will, should I find time to continue my plan, contain a good many lyrical pieces. As to the rest, I have been idle as comfortably as a man can be, when there is no sun on the brae and no fire in the chimney, one or other of which I hold to be indispensable to the pleasures of indolence. Among other attempts to supply the want of their exhilarating influence, one of the happiest has been to let my little *Sophia croon* over Montrose's lines, and hope I might one day introduce her to the young songstresses who introduced them to me in their musical dress.

The same letter goes on to tell of his eldest son Walter's entrance at the High School, and of his own feelings being like those of Leontes in "*A Winter's Tale*." But the same sentiments are expressed, and the same quotation is referred to, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, already published by Lockhart, so they need not now be repeated. In a voluminous correspondence, such as that of Sir Walter, it is inevitable that the same train of thought and almost identical passages should be found in

letters addressed to different friends, and, for that reason, it is unnecessary to notice some of the letters now before us. It seems wonderful, however, that in the masses of his letters which have been brought to light, so few should be found to overlap each other in ideas and expression, even when the original recipients were people not likely to meet, and who might well have been fobbed off with duplicate epistles.

In a letter of January 18, 1812, there is an expression of Sir Walter's delight in his new purchase, *Abbotsford*, and of his consciousness that his brain must be called upon to pay the expenses which he contemplated.

I have not only been planting and enclosing and gallantly battling nature for the purpose of converting a barren brae and haugh into a snug situation for a cottage, but, moreover, I have got the prettiest plan you ever saw, and everything, in short, excepting a great pouchful of money, which is the most necessary thing of all. I am terribly afraid I must call in the aid of *Amphion* and his harp, not indeed to build a city, but if it can rear a cottage, it will be very fair for a modern lyre.

And in a later letter he again tells in classical analogy how he looks to meeting the expenses of his property by the harvest of his brain—

I continued to be at *Abbotsford* for ten days in the vacation after Christmas, and kept the moor gallantly from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, working away at my new territories, which now embrace all the beautiful bogs and springs which we passed so wearily upon Sunday forenoon in the last autumn. It promises me as much work as ever the bog of *Ballygalley*, &c., gave to the successive lords of *Castle Rackrent*—only, God forbid I should have a lawsuit about it. I would not for a penny that people in general knew how much I would give up rather than defend

myself at the law. But I shall be half-ruined with drains, dykes, and planting accompts, only that by good luck my farm on the verge of Parnassus has been so productive as to make amends for the losses which I must sustain by my possessions on *terra firma*, for by good luck, like the nobility of Laputa, I have possessions both in the flying island of my imagination and the bogs and brambles of earthly mainland.

One is not accustomed to look upon Sir Walter Scott as a matchmaker, except in dealing with his heroes and heroines in fiction, but once at least he appears in that character, whether or not of conscious purpose may not perhaps be absolutely certain. In 1815 he begs "to introduce to your" (Mrs. Clephane) "kind notice and hospitality two young friends, of whom, both by our friend Morritt's report and from the little I have seen, I am inclined to think very well: the one is Earl Compton, son of Lord Northampton, the other Mr. Pemberton—they are well acquainted with some friends of yours." An ulterior design might be surmised in the succeeding words: "Lord C. will give Margaret a book with my kind compliments. It contains a very pretty panegyric upon your father." Apparently Mrs. Clephane and her daughters were living in Edinburgh at the time, for soon afterwards a note was sent: "My dear Mrs. Clephane,—Lord C. dines with me to-morrow, chiefly that I may introduce him to our little friend Donaldson. Will you and the young ladies look in in the evening at eight o'clock, and if Miss Clephane can come, I hope she will prevail on Miss Dalrymple to honor us. I think Lady Hood and Miss Frances Mackenzie will be with us, and no one else, unless perchance Will. Erskine." If Sir Walter had a definite benevolent purpose in introducing two young people to each other, he must have had much satisfaction in

the result, for in April 1815 we find him in London writing to Lady Abercorn: "I am tied to this town just now as *l'homme de confiance* of a fair Scotch woman who is about to be married into your high circle, and so we are up to the ears in settlements, &c., but for which circumstance I would have offered my personal respects at the Priory." How great was the affection felt by the bride-elect towards her guardian is shown by a letter that she wrote announcing her engagement. In it she says: "Do you know, through it all, who has been father, brother, everything to me?—Mr. Scott." And she also very clearly saw and appreciated Sir Walter's intellectual magnetism, for she tells elsewhere how she had been meeting a very dull man: "When I met him before, at Mr. Scott's, I did not think him dull, but *he* inspires and enlivens everybody who comes within his reach."

Another instance presents itself of Sir Walter generously devoting his great powers to the assistance of a more humble toiler in the same fields with himself. Alexander Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," once very popular, is little known nowadays, but Sir Walter furnished the words of several of the songs and ballads contained in it, notably the "Macgregor's Gathering," "Nora's Vow," and the last three verses of "Jock o' Hazeldean," and these have since been included in collections of his poetry. There is a short mention of Campbell in a letter written to Lady Abercorn and published in Sir Walter's "Familiar Letters," in which he calls him "a poor man, a decayed artist and musician, who tried to teach me music many years ago." The fuller references to Sir Walter's connection with Campbell, occurring in letters to Miss Clephane, are of great interest.

It was, I believe, during your absence from Mull that Alexander Camp-

bell, the publisher of a new and ample collection of Highland and Scottish tunes, made his rounds in the Western Isles. He has been very successful and has recovered some beautiful airs, which he gives nearly as you would sing them, that is, in their own simplicity, with no other ornament than the taste of the performer can give, and a few notes of characteristic symphony. I have taken the liberty to put your name down as a subscriber, as I think you would like to encourage the undertaking. Campbell is half musician, half poet, and, in right of both capacities, half mad. If he travels again this year, I will send him to Torloisk. I assure you he travels like a Highland Bhaird in his complete tartans, "with dirk and pistol by his side," like Master Frog when he went a-wooing. I wish you very much to give him your advice and assistance in his labors, that is, if you approve of what he has already done. He is a thorough-bred musician, and can take down music readily from hearing it sung. Some of his tunes are really very prettily arranged, and I am beginning to give him words for them. One tune I am quite *engoué* about. It is decidedly an old Scottish air, but is entirely new to me. The only words which were remembered by the young woman (a Miss Pringle) who sang it were these.

Here follows the first verse of "Jock o' Hazeldean." Sir Walter eventually composed and added the three succeeding verses which complete the well-known song. In a later letter—

I am unhappily answerable and most reluctantly so for the imperfections of Allan Moldart. The truth is, that I had promised Campbell to get him a proper sett of words, and always forgot to write for them, till the man of music, who is a kind of warrior, came and besieged me with account of press stopping, and Lord in heaven knows what of grievance and vexation, till between hope and despair I ran down and dictated the verses I remembered, and as I remembered them. One verse I was sensible I omitted, but my ut-

most efforts could not recall it to my memory. Pray send me a correct copy, for "Albyn's Anthology" (blessings on their harmony who gave so absurd a name) is thriving like a green bay tree, and we shall have a new edition forthwith.

It will always be a curious matter of speculation why Sir Walter Scott was careful to conceal for so long a time the fact that he was the author of the Waverley Novels, going so far on several occasions as to deny categorically that he had written them—*e. g.*, in a letter from him to Mrs. Hughes, "I really assure you I am *not* the author of the novels which the world ascribes to me so pertinaciously. If I were, what good reason should I have for concealing, being such a hackneyed scribbler as I am?" He said in the famous speech at the theatrical dinner in 1827, when he at last acknowledged the authorship, "Perhaps caprice might have a considerable share in the matter," but it is hard to believe that such a marvellous abnegation of literary renown, and perhaps advantage, is to be attributed to caprice alone. Dear and intimate friends as the Clephanes were, they were deliberately mystified by Sir Walter, equally with others. But in their case it was only mystification of a most legitimate kind that was practised, and we do not encounter the blunt denial, which somehow always jars a little upon us when we meet it elsewhere. Writing to Miss Clephane in 1816 Sir Walter says—

I will take care that you get a curious and interesting work, which, notwithstanding an affected change of publishers, &c., and a total silence concerning former adventures in literature, I believe you will agree with me can only be by the author of "Waverley." They call it "Tales of my Landlord," and I have not laughed so much this some time as at parts of the second tale. The first is hurried and I

think flat, but the second opens new ground (the scene being laid in the Covenanted times), and possesses great power of humor and pathos. Such at least is the opinion of all here and in London, who are madder about it than about anything I remember.

This reminds one of Sir Walter's letter to John Murray (who, though he along with William Blackwood first published "*Tales of my Landlord*," and had no doubt in his own mind as to the authorship, had not been admitted to the inner circle of the illuminati) denying "a paternal interest" in the "*Tales*," and supporting his denial by offering to review them. "I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial,—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguishes the fictitious from the real mother,—and that is by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child."

After the final collapse of Napoleon's power at Waterloo, many English people rushed to the Continent, from which they had been so long excluded; and a strong light is thrown upon the apprehensions entertained at that time about foreign travel by the advice and many cautions given by Sir Walter to the Clephanes, who in 1816 were contemplating a visit to Italy.

As for your journey, I would to God you had a gentleman with you. Why not Captain Clephane, who has not much to do? I really fear you will find travelling uncomfortable, notwithstanding Mrs. Clephane's firmness and good sense. At least, when I was on the Continent I found more than once a pair of loaded pistols in my pocket were necessary to secure both respect and security. It may doubtless be better now, but the English are always unpopular on the Continent, and the innkeepers extremely encroaching and insolent when they see occasion, and the speedy legal redress of the next Justice of Peace altogether out of the

question. And I believe the banditti are very troublesome just now in Italy, although it applies rather to the road between Rome and Naples than to Northern Italy. Do ponder all this well. If you were men in your persons as you are in your sense and spirit, I would wish you to go by all means. As it is, I sincerely hope you will have some proper male companion.

In a later letter from which we will not quote at length, as it has already been published in Lockhart's *Life*, Sir Walter much approves of the ladies going to Italy by sea. It is amusing to note, however, how here he lapses into a form of remark which, like complaints of the deterioration of servants, seems to be common to all generations. He says, "Whatever folks may say of foreigners, those of good education and high rank among them must have a supreme contempt for the frivolous, dissatisfied, empty, gad-about manners of many of our modern belles." We, in our day, hear a good deal of the independence and restless pursuit of amusement by the contemporary fair sex as contrasted with their more staid grandmothers; and "Maga's" latest recruit tells, in his delightful romance, "*The Old Country*,"² how a high-born dame in the fourteenth century criticised the young ladies of her day, "Who dress more like men than women, and waste all their time and money in going about from one tournament to another."

There was considerable political excitement in Edinburgh in 1821, and it was accompanied by an attempt to get up an illumination. Neither Sir Walter Scott nor Mrs. Clephane were in sympathy with this, and did not propose to light up their houses. Sir Walter writes thus to Mrs. Clephane—

I cannot think the magistrates will be so absurd as to refuse their protection to us non-illuminés, nor do I

² *The Old Country*. By Henry Newbolt. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

think there will be any riot, the night being so bad. But I think, without any male friends in the house, you would subject yourself to much alarm, and unnecessarily, and therefore I would be in readiness to light up, if they command you, or when they approach your street. I intend patiently to submit to broken panes, but, if they proceed to break doors, which they have the impudence to threaten in case of obstinate recusants—

"Ils seront reçus,
Biribi,
A la façon de Barbaru,
Mon ami."

In one of his visits to France Sir Walter must have met Béranger, or at least come across some of his newly published songs, for the refrain of one of them, "Biribi," &c., was ever ringing in our great Scotsman's ears. We find it in this note to Mrs. Clephane; it is quoted in the *Journal*, and also in one, if not in two, other of his pieces of familiar writing. Spirited song in any tongue ever appealed to his sympathetic taste.

A long letter was written to Miss Clephane, March 2, 1824, which is so interesting and characteristic, and contains so much wisdom, that most of it must be transcribed. After some advice about the investment of a sum of money, Sir Walter proceeds to talk about Thurtell the murderer, who was a subject of "national" interest at the time:—

Notoriety is a fine thing, even when one is notorious only as a villain. Think of a Miss stretching her memory so far as to recollect that she had danced with Jack Thurtell, when he was an officer of marines on board of Admiral Otway's flagship at Leith. The only chance of a man living in her memory was his becoming a murderer. I am very happy to hear that Mrs. Clephane's factor continues to do well. I hope she will not spoil him as ladies do gentlemen by too much confidence

and indulgence. Laidlaw will be happy to hear that he does credit to his recommendation. By too much indulgence I particularly mean the suffering accompts to get ahead. There is no such bar as settling them regularly, excepting the certain inconvenience that arises from their smacking of age. Besides, sums of money are always apt, without gross dishonesty, to melt into the hands of factors, who perhaps use a few pounds at first in advance of their own salary, and end by getting into deep and serious arrearage. . . . Sophia has had rather a distressing time of it, but is now much better, indeed quite well, excepting weakness. I am very sorry for the loss of her infant, because I would willingly have had a cautioner for poor Johnnie Hugh. He is not strong—on the contrary, very delicate, and the parents are so much wrapped up in him that it makes me tremble when I look at the poor little fellow. He is so very smart and clever, and at the same time holds his existence apparently by so frail a tenure, that one is inclined to think of the alarming adage of Gloster, "So wise and young they say never live long." It is however wrong to anticipate evil, and I have seen so many instances of wise young children growing up into buirdly husbands and stark young fellows with no more wit than is necessary to keep them out of fire and water, that I will e'en harden myself on the subject, and croak no more about the matter.

I think it more than likely that the defunct gamekeeper and his dog have fallen under unjust suspicion in the matter of poor Puss. It is the instinct both of dogs and cats, but particularly of the last, when in the extremity of age and sensible of the approaches of death, to seek some secret place to die in, and thus the remains of these creatures are seldom seen, unless of such as have been killed by accident or violence. I have known many instances of this, but one I witnessed was so singular that, even now, I cannot think how the creature managed. It was an old cat which belonged to a bachelor uncle of mine, and was, almost of course, a great favorite. We found it on the garden walk, apparently in a

fit. It had been very ill and had not eaten on the preceding day. My uncle concluded it was dying, and we lifted it off the walk and, the sun being very hot, we stuck some boughs of briars round it by way of arbor. While we walked two turns, it escaped from under the arbor, and by no enquiries could we ever hear any word of it again. Doubtless it had crept into the wooded bank of the river which was at hand in order to die unobserved—a singular provision of nature. . . . We are to have a fancy ball next Thursday. I am told there are to be thirty Queen Marys. Having a suit of court mourning which will pass muster without being much out of the ordinary way, I will be there to see what they make of it. I fear we want wit and impudence to get over such ground handsomely.

Lord bless your old aunt for bringing you down to the lowlands. I hope when Mrs. Clephane, Williamina, and you come within the magnetism of Auld Lang Syne it will bring you on to Abbotsford. Oureske or Whisk (a terrier given to Sir Walter by Mrs. Clephane) is in great preservation, but *hauden down* by a very fierce terrier of mine of the Pepper and Mustard breed, hence called Ginger, which flies at it whenever it opens its mouth, and Oureske's Highland spirit being cowed by a luxurious effeminacy of life makes no play for the honor of her native Kintail. Mrs. Maclean Clephane may not like to hear this, but it's very true for all that. Do you know that I have two great faults as a correspondent—one, that I never know how to begin a letter; the other, still more formidable, that when I write to those I like I can never end until the paper ends it for me. Like a stone set on an incline, I can never stop till I reach the bottom of the hill.

Sir Walter ever took the strongest interest in the pursuits of his wards, and, in 1824, he wrote at length about the preference shown by the youngest for drawing over music.

I don't approve of Williamina sacrificing music for drawing. The former is much more of a social accom-

plishment; besides, excellence in music may be much more easily attained by a mere amateur than excellence in drawing or painting. A song sung with feeling and truth of expression is pleasing to every one, and perhaps *more* pleasing than a superior style of execution to all but the highest class of musicians. It is different with drawing, where that which falls short of perfection is not so highly valued. Not but what I think sketching from nature is a faculty to be cherished in all cases where nature has given the requisites. It encourages the love of the country and the study of scenery. But figures seldom answer, for how can a young lady acquire the necessary knowledge of anatomy?

Probably Sir Walter's judgment on this point will be questioned by many people. As a matter of fact, Williamina went on with her drawing and with the greatest success. When she was about twenty and living at Rome, Horace Vernet, the great French artist said of her talent, "Ce n'est pas la main d'une demoiselle. C'est un bras de fer." The later letters in the bundle before us are principally on business matters, or speak of episodes in Sir Walter's life with which those who love his memory and are familiar with his history are already well acquainted. The dark cloud of misfortune had fallen upon the evening of his days, and he was making the gigantic struggle to preserve his honor untarnished which was the greatest, if the most melancholy, glory of his glorious career. How his indomitable courage never failed, and how he succeeded in keeping his shield without speck or stain, are known to all, and the sad story needs no repetition or emphasis. In a letter telling the death of his wife, "the companion of twenty-nine years and upwards," he writes with the grief of a sorely stricken man, but with the most vallant patience and composure. In another, the last, dated 1830, he expresses to Miss Clephane all

his sorrow at the untimely death of Lady Northampton, the Margaret Clephane in whose marriage in 1815 he had been so deeply interested, and for whom he ever entertained such a paternal affection, and his sympathy with those who mourned her loss. Sorrow

Blackwood's Magazine.

and sympathy were never more touchingly conveyed, though he says, "I like neither the common display of grief nor the ordinary topics of consolation."

And, in 1832, he himself passed away.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SOME PASSAGES BY THE WAY.

XVIII.

EPISODES.

Among miscellaneous episodes in my journey through the Wilderness I have, as related in connection with Fred Burnaby, been up in a balloon. I have been down a coal mine in South Wales, and a silver mine at Leadville, U.S.A., this last a rare privilege in a jealously guarded place where, as an ordinarily inflexible rule, "no one is admitted except on business." I have voyaged in a submarine boat, and I have seen two men hanged.

One experience foregone sorely against my will, was descent in a diving-bell. When, in January 1873, the emigrant ship "Northfleet" sank off Dungeness, drowning 300 people, I described for the "Daily News" incidents consequent on the tragedy. A peculiarity of the shipwreck was the non-appearance on the surface of the waters of the bodies of the drowned. Usually, after a certain number of days, the sea gives up its dead. In the case of the "Northfleet" only a score or so of the drowned floated within a week of the wreck. It was conjectured that the great company were entombed in the hull. It was arranged that a diving-bell should go down to fathom the mystery.

I struck up a close friendship with Captain Oates, the original commander of the "Northfleet," whose escape from the fateful ship was singular. He had

made all arrangements for sailing when he was served with a mandate ordering him to attend and give evidence in the Tichborne case, then approaching its climax. He had no option. To his profound regret, and considerable pecuniary loss, he remained ashore whilst the "Northfleet," under a new commander, set forth with bellying sails to meet her doom at Dungeness.

I did not go down in the diving-bell, for the simple reason that the diving-bell did not go down. A storm beat up Channel churning the waters above the submerged wreck in a way that made impossible the operation of the diving-bell. It prevailed for more than a week, when the project was abandoned.

Captain Oates was one of the few men who saw and conversed with the real Roger Tichborne before his disappearance. In the course of a drive from Dover to Dungeness he gave me a vivid account of the incident, which I transcribe from my diary of that date. It throws a flood of light on the memorable story.

"I was at the time," he said, "in charge of the 'John Bibby,' lying at Rlo, waiting for a cargo. The 'Bella' lay alongside, and, as her owners and mine were connected in business arrangements. Captain Birkett and I were often together, and used to talk our affairs over. One day, when he was ready to sail, he came to me and

said, 'Oates, there is a young fellow been over to see me about taking passage in the "Bella" to New York.'

"Well," I said, 'you have a berth, and may as well make a dollar or two for the ship.'

"'Xactly," said he, 'but the fact is the young fellow has got no money; he says he is well connected, has plenty of rich friends in England, and that a letter of credit is waiting for him at New York. But he has run through all his money here, is heavily in debt, and wants to get quietly away.'

"Well," I said, 'that's another sort of thing, Birkett,' I says. 'You know well enough what the passage money to be paid at the other end usually comes to. However, bring the young fellow over to breakfast in the morning, and we'll have a look at him.'

"So next morning Birkett and the young fellow came over to breakfast with me, and he told his story. It was impossible to be in his company five minutes without knowing that he was of gentleman stock, and after he was gone I said to Birkett, 'Let him have the passage. If he pays it will be all right, and if he don't it will be only another plate of sole on the table during the voyage, and the owners need not know anything about it.'

"Birkett took my word and let the young fellow come aboard. The authorities at Rio were very strict at the time, and it was necessary for every one leaving the city to have a passport. Tichborne owing money all about, could not, of course, get his passport, and we had to smuggle him aboard. He came off in a boat the night before, and when the custom-house officers were within sight next day, for the last look round, we put him down in a hole in the cabin floor, underneath the table. The custom-house officers came aboard mustered the crew, and found them all right.

"Any one else aboard, Captain Birkett?" says he.

"No," says Birkett; 'but come down in the cabin and take a cup of coffee before you go.'

"The officer came down and sat at the table with his feet on the plank which covered young Tichborne.

When he had finished his coffee he and I put off. The 'Bella' made sail, and I never saw or heard anything about the ship till a few days later a bit of stern and a portion of the poop floated ashore, and told us she had foundered.

"When this blackguard (the Claimant) was examined in private for the first time, five or six years ago, he knew nothing at all of this. He tried to get out of it by saying he was drunk when he went abroad, and remained in his cabin in a state of delirium tremens up to the time of the wreck, Tichborne being, as I well knew, as sober as I am this minute."

The trip in the submarine took place in the spring of 1905. We were staying at Admiralty House, Portsmouth, the guests of Admiral and Lady Douglas, he at the time Commander-in-Chief. One day it was proposed that we should inspect a submarine in practice at the mouth of the harbor. Walking through the Dockyard to the Admiral's launch, we passed an interesting spectacle. It was the hull of the submarine "A 1," which, twelve months earlier, met with a fate that sent a thrill of horror and sympathy through the country. Practising under water off the "Nab" lightship in the Channel, she was literally run over by a mammoth ocean steamer homeward-bound. The liner's prow struck her conning-tower, sending her to the bottom of the sea with a crew of nine hands and two officers sealed up in a living tomb. Looking down at the dry dock where the wreck was dealt with we saw the rent in the framework caused by the impact of the great steamer. The Admiral casually mentioned that they were not hurrying forward repairs. There would be no difficulty in obtaining a volunteer crew for the patched up submarine, still retaining a name and identity made memorable by dire disaster. Nevertheless, it was just as well to let

the passage of a year or two blunt the sharpness of memory.

Arrived at submarine "A 2," waiting the signal for descent into the quiet sea, I asked the Admiral's permission to go down with her. He hesitated for a moment. But what was safe for sailors could not be perilous for a landsman. So he nodded assent, and a few minutes I was snug on board. We had a pleasant, uneventful voyage. The hold, running the full length and breadth of the little craft, was brilliantly lighted by electricity. As in the case of "A 1," there were a crew of nine men and two officers, young lieutenants, in command. During the voyage one stood on the steps of the ladder leading to the conning-tower. The other was in charge below. There was nothing unusual in the atmosphere, fresh air being supplied from chambers storing sufficient for twelve hours. Nor was there anything disturbing in the motion of the boat. As a matter of fact the landsman was not conscious of any movement when the boat sank out of sight of heaven and earth. Nor did he know he was speeding under water, confounding the cod, hampering the haddock and other sprinters of the deep by making the record pace of eight knots. The only feeling approaching uncanniness was born of the silence that prevailed, broken now and then by whispered command from the first lieutenant in the conning tower, repeated by the second lieutenant below, and responded to by hoarse "Aye, aye" from the bluejacket lying full length on the floor in charge of the particular piece of machinery that had to be adjusted.

The first hanging at which I was present was one of the last under the old barbarous system which brought a mob to the foot of the gallows, clamorous to see a fellow-creature done to death. The convict was a young farm

laborer, who, after attending a Sunday afternoon service in the village church, lured into a wood a fellow-worshipper, a little girl eleven or twelve years old, and cruelly murdered her. In those good old times not only were executions public, affording early morning entertainment for Lord Tom Noddy and sightseers of lower degree, but representatives of the Press were admitted to sight of the awful mysteries of preparation for the gallows. Following close on the footsteps of the governor of the prison and the hangman, I was one of a group who stood by the doorway of the pinioning room, and saw the doomed man bound, not to say trussed. Across the waste of forty years I recall the predominant sensation—one of surprise at his stolidity, his uncomplaining acceptance of the operation as if it were an ordinary part of a morning's toilet. He assisted Calcraft to adjust the belt by removing his handkerchief from the breast pocket of his smock, across which it passed. An ox going to the shambles would have been more resentful.

The gallows were erected outside the county jail, which closely adjoins the railway station. For some hours passengers entering or leaving Shrewsbury by train, looking up at the prison walls, saw a dark object, some five feet ten inches in length, dangling from a rope, "the blue sky over him like God's great pity." It was the mark of civilization cut in the sixth decade of the nineteenth century.

Ten years later Henry Wainwright was hanged at Newgate, the execution being the last scene in what was known as "the Whitechapel Tragedy." He killed a girl of whose charms he had grown tired and whose affection for him had become boring. He was caught wheeling the body through the streets of London, with intent to hide it in the cellar of a house he rented near the Elephant and Castle. The

proceedings at the foot of the gallows were much more seemly than those attendant on the execution at Shrewsbury. The gruesome ceremony was conducted within the privacy of the prison walls. But there were present in Chapel Yard at least a hundred spectators. About a score were, like myself, members of the Press attendant upon an undesirable duty assigned in the turn of a day's work. The rest were there by favor of the sheriffs, who had delegated to Calcraft the duty, incumbent upon themselves by ancient statute, of personally conducting the hanging.

In one corner of Chapel Yard stood a strongly built wooden shed, newly painted in honor of the day. It was gruesomely like a butcher's shop, windowless, with a skirting in front. An iron beam running its full length about a foot below the roof added to the structural similarity. From the beam hung not a row of shoulders of mutton or sides of Christmas beef, but a few links of strong chain finished off by a hook. To the chain was knotted a stout hempen cord. It was looped, the noose thrown with a certain ghastly grace over the hook.

This was the sight that met Wainwright's eyes when, a door opening on the courtyard, he walked out into the cool morning air. Bare-headed and plumed, he bore himself bravely, even with a certain quiet dignity. By his side strode a warder, leading the procession. On his left, slightly to the rear, with an air suggesting the hope that he did not intrude, came a little wizened man. This was Calcraft.

Many years afterwards the hangman called on me—I don't know why or wherefore—and, in my absence from home, left his card. In the circumstances I observed with relief notification that he had "retired from business."

XIX.

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN."

Accompanied by Mrs. Lucy, an excellent traveller by sea or land, I have journeyed round the world, with shorter excursions to various points of the compass. Ever I was hampered by the exigencies of the Parliamentary session, whose arrangements not only arbitrarily determined the period of setting forth on a journey, but strictly limited the duration of the expedition.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic was in 1878, being commissioned by the "Daily News" to write a special account of the arrival and reception of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the latter appointed to the Viceroyalty. Here was opportunity of seeing Canada under favorable circumstances. Hardly had the Governor-General and the Princess landed at Halifax, amid the roar of a royal salute and the acclamations of the populace, when I received a telegram from the "Daily News" manager ordering my instant return. War had broken out in Afghanistan. Parliament was hurriedly summoned in order to pass a vote of credit. If I took the first steamer I would get back in time for the opening day. No steamer was immediately sailing from Halifax. By travelling night and day through the snow-clad plains and forests of Canada we could catch a steamer outward-bound from New York. This we did; but it was not a complete or satisfactory way of seeing Canada.

Five years later we set forth on our journey round the world. Crossing the United States we took ship at San Francisco for Yokohama, coming back through India and the Suez Canal. The Parliamentary recess afforded only five months for this journey, a period one might have profitably spent in Japan or India. But it is wonderful what you can see and learn in five months if you keep eyes and ears open.

In crossing the American Continent we had the great pleasure of the frequent company of Lord and Lady Rosebery. They also were making a tour of the world, going by Australia. We did not voyage in company on the Atlantic, but met frequently at halting-places on the long railway route, and always dined together. At San Francisco, sleeping at the Palace Hotel, we also enjoyed an earthquake in common. It did not approach in vigor the one which twenty-four years later destroyed the hotel and partly uprooted San Francisco. But, like Mercutio's wound, it served. A large number of the guests fled into the streets. Lady Rosebery spent the night in the corridor, which, compared with her bed or her sitting room, did not seem to afford greatly increased protection. I reflected that, being lodged on one of the topmost stories of the lofty building, it was a far journey to the street. If the earthquake really meant business one would be scarcely safer in the roadway between two rows of houses than on an upper floor. Accordingly I turned over and went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning the guests were ringing for hot water as if nothing had happened since they went to bed.

It was a memorable season for subterranean excitement. Whilst we were on the Pacific, steaming eastward, some island in the Malay Archipelago disappeared in the volcanic eruption. For a period exceeding a month, partly when we were at sea, partly when travelling in jinrickshas through Japan, we nightly had the most glorious sunsets ever seen on sea or land.

At the time of our visit Japan was only beginning to emerge into the full light of Western civilization. Railways were few, the navy was practically non-existent, the army an undisciplined mob. We chanced to be at Tokio on the Mikado's birthday (Nov-

ember 3, 1883), an event celebrated by a review of the troops in an open space adjoining the Foreign Office. The force consisted of some 8000 men, horse, foot, and artillery. The opening of the day was marked by auguries that did not seem to forecast the military triumphs that astonished the world a quarter of a century later. The Mikado, driving down in his brougham, mounted a safe little bay pony with yellow reins, and, followed by his staff and the military *attachés* of the Foreign Ministers, slowly rode past the ranks standing stiffly at attention. His seat on horseback was peculiar. Holding a yellow rein in either hand, his elbows squared, he sat well forward on the pony's neck after a fashion later made familiar at Epsom by an American jockey.

As soon as the march past commenced one of the Imperial Princes lost the epaulette from his left shoulder, and was nearly thrown from his horse as he frantically clutched at it. Half-way across the review ground the Minister of War's horse bolted, depositing its rider in the roadway, where he was picked up and carried off to a place of safety. After the review the Mikado withdrew to his tent. Hearing there were present two English visitors, he graciously intimated his desire that they should be presented. At the time his Majesty, who lived to see Japan transformed from a third-rate Power to the position of conqueror of Russia, equal to the mightiest States, was in his thirty-first year. He cultivated to the fullest extent the attribute of impassivity. He had gone out of his way to pay attention to two strangers, but, as through an interpreter he addressed them, his face betrayed about as much expression as is habitual to a brick wall.

I was privileged to see a good deal of the two men who are actually the founders of the modern and marvellous

Japanese Empire. Prince Ito, he was plain "Mr." in those days, occupied the post of Minister of the Interior. Inouyé was Foreign Minister. In many intimate conversations I had with the latter he told me the history of his life, which reaches beyond the bounds of fancy of the average roman-cist. He and Ito belonged to the Samurai class, the nobles of old Japan, privileged to carry and use the two-handed sword. Fifty years ago the youths, just past their twentieth year, were in the retinue and confidence of the Prince of Chōshū. He was the last leader of the lost cause of old Japan. His name lives in history, inasmuch as, in defiance of the Tycoon, who was dallying with the foreigners, he closed the Straits of Shimonoseki against British ships, threatening to fire on any that came within range of his guns. The youths remonstrated with their hot-headed chieftain, pointing out the futility of opposing force to Great Britain. "The thing to do," they said, "is to beat England on her own ground. We must learn to build ships, sail ships, and fight them in a fleet of our own. Then we shall be able to keep our coast inviolate."

They volunteered to go to England, spy out the land, master the secret of naval supremacy, bring it back to Japan, create a fleet, and then let boastful Western nations look to themselves.

In 1858, when this project was submitted, it seemed childish in its audacity. As we know, it has been literally realized. Under great difficulties, suffering much privation, the two young men made their way to London. They had not been there more than three months when they were convinced of the helplessness of the attitude their Prince had assumed towards the mighty Western islanders. Returning home, for lack of money working their

way before the mast, they counselled the Prince to make terms with the British. But they were more truly representative of Japanese opinion when, eight months earlier, they secretly left their country in search of methods that would enable them to trample on the foreigner. Their old friends regarded them as traitors and sought to take their lives. Ito went into hiding. Inouyé, falling into the hands of the angered Samurai, was slashed with swords and left for dead by the roadside. To this day he bears on his face a memento of the terrible night.

In 1894 we visited Capetown, and were for three weeks the guests of Cecil Rhodes. On Christmas Eve, 1902, on the invitation of Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of Trinidad, we set out on a voyage to the West Indies. Before settling down at Government House, Trinidad, we stayed a week with Sir Robert Llewelyn, Governor of the beautiful island of Grenada.

Our third visit to the United States, paid in the winter of 1903, was planned in response to an invitation from Sir Thomas Lipton to be his guest on the "Erlin" during the race for the America Cup. We had made some preparations for the voyage, when it chanced one afternoon in July I met Mr. Choate, the American Minister, at the house of Mr. White, Secretary to the Legation. He had heard of our intended journey and strongly dissuaded us from going to New York in August, the month in which the race was to be run. His graphic picture of its horrors in the hot weather made such an impression that we resolved to forego Sir Thomas's hospitality and the pleasure of the boat race, deferring our visit by a couple of months. For this we were ever grateful, since we not only had better weather, but were present through the interesting turmoil of a general election and were at Washing-

tion on the opening day of the new Congress.

I have somewhere read or heard it said that the world-wide popularity of "Punch" is damped in the United States. It is explained that American humor so entirely differs from British taste that Americans do not appreciate *Punch*. I can testify that, if it be true Mr. "Punch" has no vogue in the United States, the reception accorded to one of the humblest of his young men is incomprehensible. Desiring a little quiet and rest before commencing our tour, we went straight off from the wharf to Larchmont, to the country house of a friend some twenty miles distant from New York. We left no address behind, and looked forward to at least a few days' seclusion. We counted without the host of New York papers. All the Sunday journals had columns reporting interviews with "Toby M.P." and other innocent material for sensational articles.

On Sunday one of the news editors of the "New York Herald," by some occult means, traced us to our hiding-place. New York was already in the throes of the election. The afternoon caller brought a courteous message from the editor to say that preliminaries of the election campaign would be in full force on the following evening, and he desired to place at my disposal a motor car and a member of his staff to show me round the city. This was exceedingly kind. I reflected with embarrassment that no leading London paper would pay a similar attention to an American journalist *en tour*. I gladly accepted the offer, was driven through the Bowery and other densely populated quarters, observing with interest the animated scene. When my personal conductor brought me to the railway station to catch the last train for Larchmont he remarked, quite incidentally, that perhaps I should be able to write a spe-

cial signed article for the "Herald," describing my experiences and impressions. Here was the little plot disclosed. This was the explanation of the marked attention and the well appointed motor car. Not disposed to spoil sport, I wrote the article and promptly received a cheque in payment.

Among the questions showered upon me by the eleven reporters who awaited my arrival on the wharf one demanded instant definition of the grounds of difference between English and American humor. Oddly enough, of a series of articles the "Herald" commissioned me to write one was on this interesting but abstruse topic. Probably the question is put to every literary man landing on the American shore.

From Larchmont we went on a visit to Mr. Whitelaw Reid's country house, modestly named Ophir Farm. In the stateliness of its outward appearance it reminded one curiously of Windsor Castle. The interior presents realization of absolute luxury controlled by good taste. When shown my dressing-room I thought, from its proportions, furnishing, and general adornment, that I had strayed into one of the smaller drawing-rooms. I marvelled when some months later I heard that Mr. Whitelaw Reid had accepted the post of American Minister at the Court of St. James's, a position that involved his quitting this perfect home lodged in a woodland whose wildness cultured taste left almost untouched. Another charming visit we paid—indeed, there were two, for we were asked again—was to Bourke Cockran's house on Long Island. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the New Yorkers, it being extended in many cases by people I met casually at luncheon or dinner.

With the Chinese Minister I was the joint guest at one of the famous Lotus Club Saturday night dinners. As I knew a speech would be expected, and

the occasion being one of exceptional distinction, I was at pains to write out some choice sentences. When speech-making began I observed that those who contributed to it not only did not read from manuscript, but had not a scrap of notes. When the Chinese Ambassador, immediately preceding my turn, talked at ease in excellent English I felt ashamed of the manuscript in my breast coat pocket. Called upon to respond to the toast of the evening, I talked for a few minutes. What I said did not provide anything approaching the elegance of the secreted literary extract. It was, I fancy, much better received than would have been the manuscript.

Another banquet given for me was spread at the Union Club, my host being Colonel Harvey of "Harper's." It was a small but interesting company. A neighbor on my right was W. D. Howells, a happy accident that gave opportunity for a friendship renewed and cemented when later he visited this country in search of material for one of his delightful books.

Kittery Point: October 16, 1906.

Dear Mr. Lucy,—It has been the greatest pleasure for my daughter and me to hear from you, and we recognize Mrs. Lucy's hand in your kindness. When my article reappears in book form I will send the volume to you, hoping that the passage left out of the magazine through an editorial exigency will not seem too personal to your "haddock and potatoes." We remember nothing pleasanter in all our English experience than our lunch with you at Whitethorn, unless it was our lunch with you in London.

We have been here by the sea ever since May, but we are going back to New York in a fortnight. We shall all be in a hotel till January, when my daughter goes to Bermuda, which she loves almost as much as England. Of course England is bigger, but the climate is better in Bermuda. If England were only two days off, like the

other island, we should all go, in spite of your winter, and we should certainly come as near to Hythe as Folkestone. Hythe is one of our homes, and when we are anywhere else we are in exile—partially at least.

We are in the glory of our Fall weather, but it is sad glory, and I shall not be sorry to turn my back on the red leaves, though New York does not tempt me. This is a good place to work; but I think I have worked enough, and I only wish New York would play with me.

My wife wishes to join my daughter and me in love to you both, who are so often in our minds and on our tongues. My daughter says to tell Mrs. Lucy that she has adopted her fashion of tying flowers into little bunches, as the only way to make them stand up together in a bowl.

No, we never got your letter at Genoa, but we will forgive its loss if you will write us another from Hythe.

Yours sincerely,

W. D. Howells.

A gentleman at the end of the table in the course of the dinner moving up till he sat in a chair next to me, insisted upon my bringing my wife to stay the week-end at his country house. We went and had a delightful time. On returning to New York we found awaiting us at the station his motor car, placed at our disposal for what remained of the day. I mention this as one of the instances of spontaneous and abounding hospitality of New Yorkers. Two ladies whom we had never met before our arrival took it in turns to send their carriage to take Mrs. Lucy a drive whenever she was at liberty. For myself I attempted. I confess ineffectually, to draw the line at suppers. We were left to breakfast at the Waldorf, our headquarters. Thereafter there were luncheons, teas, early dinners, the theatre or opera, with supper to follow either, at Sherry's or Delmonico's.

One night at the latter hostelry.

pressed to partake of a quite unnecessary meal, I bethought me of a Welsh rarebit as combining the maximum of tastiness with the minimum of bulk. At the end of half an hour the waiter brought in with a flourish a covered dish, which he placed before me. I found on tasting it something resembling the upper leather of a tanned shoe passed through a meat mincer, flavored with much mustard, and temporarily subjected to the influence of a red hot salamander passed over its surface. I suppose it was the first time in the history of this famous supper room that a Welsh rarebit had been asked for. But Delmonico was not to be done. The upper leather of an old shoe—tan being of course selected on account of its color—was as nothing. So I had my Welsh rarebit. Thereafter I took what my host provided.

XX.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS.

I have incidentally alluded to an action for libel brought against Mr. "Punch," with the result that he was cast in damages to the tune of 300*l.*, an incident rare, if not unique, in his long and honorable career. *Mea culpa.* The action arose upon the publication of what purported to be the "Life and Recollections of Sir John Robinson," long-time manager of the "Daily News." Having read the book I formed the opinion that from a literary point of view it was a poor performance. Other reviewers in the principal journals arrived at and expressed the same conclusion. I, jealous for the posthumous fame of my old friend and colleague, expressed my opinion with what I fear was excessive frankness and directness of speech. Anyhow the jury took that view, with the result recorded. In a leading article the "Spectator" had the following comment on a case of permanent interest to the literary world:

It is not "Punch" only, or Mr. Lucy only, that is lit by this verdict, and by the law which in effect it sets up. Reviewing is only a by-product with our contemporary, and Mr. Lucy's reputation has been made in other fields. The real sufferers are those journals which make the reviewing of books an integral part of their ordinary work. The process now is that the editor sends out a book to the reviewer whom he thinks best fitted to give an informing account of the object the writer has proposed to himself in writing it, and of the degree in which he has achieved it. The reviewer is trusted to form his opinion honestly, and to express it with proper frankness. If the law remains unchanged [as it was settled in the judgment and verdict in the "Punch" case], a cautious editor will be compelled to look at each book for himself, to form a rough, and very possibly an inaccurate, estimate of its value, and to send out only such books as he sees his way to praising. The reviewer will have to be told to leave the book unnoticed unless he thinks well of it, and the columns of the journal will present a dull uniformity of commendation. Editors will suffer, reviewers will suffer, readers will suffer, and in the long run authors will suffer.

I volunteered to pay one-half of the damages, a novel procedure not likely to establish a precedent. With the working journalist it would be neither popular nor convenient. However, that is my affair. I mention the matter solely for the purpose of recording and explaining a movement that took place in the House of Commons as soon as the verdict was returned. I suppose most members had read the incriminating article, and followed the course of the evidence given in court. The consequence was a determination that I should not suffer pecuniarily. As the result of conversation in the Smoke Room, on the Terrace, and other resorts, Colonel Mark Lockwood, one of the most popular men in a series of successive Parliaments, was asked to

take the post of treasurer of an indemnity fund. He readily consented, but pointed out that the compliment would be more valuable if it were devoid of anything suggestive of politics. He was a prominent member of the Unionist Party. It would be well if a joint treasurer were appointed in the person of a member of the then Opposition. The point was readily conceded, and Mr. William Jones, a Welsh member of uncompromising Radical principles, was joined with the Colonel in the friendly undertaking.

The time was unpropitious. The month of August had been entered on, and after a laborious Session many members had left town on holidays more or less distant. Nevertheless the movement promptly met with gratifying success. The original intention, set forth in the circular issued by the joint treasurers, was to invite only "Toby M.P.'s" personal friends in the House of Commons to subscribe. The matter was, however, quickly taken up in the House of Lords, many peers sending in subscriptions unsolicited. With the object of widening the area of sympathizers subscriptions were limited to one guinea.

The personality of the subscribers added largely to the value of the generous testimony. In the first list of the joint treasurers, including one hundred names, were those of the Speaker (Mr. Lowther), the ex-Speaker (Viscount Selby), the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Ritchie), the Colonial Secretary, the Minister of Agriculture, the Postmaster-General, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, the Secretary to the Local Government Board, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, the Solicitor-General for England, Mr. Asquith, K.C., Mr. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., Mr. Haldane, K.C., Mr. Robson, K.C., the Duke of Argyle, Mr.

Chamberlain, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Crewe, Viscount Ridley, Lord Rothschild, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Rathmore, Lord Burnham, Lord Denman, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Monkswell, Mr. Bryce, Sir Arthur Hayter, Sir Charles Dilke, and Lord Hugh Cecil.

Such a demonstration, emanating from so wide, diversified, and distinguished a source, more than compensated for the worry and expense entailed by the law proceedings. It was the more valuable and gratifying since, whilst through the more than thirty years I had been daily and weekly discoursing about Parliamentary affairs, I had never concealed my opinion about personalities, never been false to my political conviction, never modified expression of either save at the dictates of good taste.

In the affair I recognize a leading impulse in the respect and esteem with which my august master, Mr. "Punch," is regarded in Parliamentary circles. Any portion of the kindness that may have overflowed in my personal direction is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

In the spring of the following year (1904) I received other evidence of the personal friendship of a large body of members of the House of Commons. Having retired from the post of Parliamentary Summary writer to the "Daily Telegraph," assumed when, in 1890, the "Daily News" passed under new proprietorship, I found myself at the opening of the session without the right of entrance to the Press Gallery. The rules which govern admission to that sanctum are as unintelligent as they are arbitrary. Half a century ago, when the English Press was something quite different from the institution of to-day, admission to the Gallery was limited to the London morning papers. Each had allotted to it two boxes, one for the leader and summary writer, the other for the re-

porting staff. The "Times" had, and to this day retains, three boxes. When on the cheapening of the telegraph service, the country Press grew in power and in number, establishing London offices and engaging London staffs, pressure was brought to bear on the authorities of the House of Commons to provide accommodation in the Press Gallery. After long resistance this was conceded, by taking in a portion of the members' side galleries and the construction of ten additional boxes.

This was an innovation calculated to make the typical Serjeant-at-Arms turn in his family grave. Whilst the concession to modern development was grudgingly made there was rigidly preserved the old tradition that admission to the Press Gallery was obtainable only by men directly representing the papers on the official list. The last eight years have seen the birth and growth of the halfpenny morning paper. In some instances circulation, according to uncontradicted declaration, to-day far exceeds that of any of the older papers recognized in the Press Gallery. Yet I, representing one of these, having undertaken to contribute a daily article throughout the Session, found myself not only without a box in the Press Gallery but my name was struck off the Lobby List, at the head of which it stood by seniority. The halfpenny morning papers directly concerned have with cynical effect since put this matter right by buying up morning papers of old standing in London and the provinces, with the result that they now have something equal to one-half of the whole accommodation of the Press Gallery from which they were at the outset excluded.

Meanwhile, in order to perform my work in connection with quarters wide apart from the "Daily Express," it was necessary that I should have access during the sittings both to the Press Gallery and the Lobby. I con-

fess it seemed reasonable, as in the event it proved to be the opinion of a large section of the House of Commons, that the hard and fast rule might in my case have been varied, the freedom of the Press Gallery and the Lobby, enjoyed over thirty years, being confirmed on personal grounds. Assuming that the Gallery was provided as a means of securing information for the public of what went on at Westminster, it seemed absurd to put up the bars against one whose daily and weekly circle of readers was probably equal to the aggregate of ten ordinary holders of Gallery tickets.

However the existence of such a rule saves trouble to the constituted authorities. They entrench themselves behind it when occasion arises. Thus it befell that I was shut out from any part of the House, except that open to the ordinary stranger. On this becoming known I had within the space of a single week communications from between seventy and eighty members offering to ballot daily for places in the Strangers' Gallery, so that I might be secure of entrance. The Speaker, whilst pointing out that the jurisdiction of the Press Gallery rested not with him but with the Serjeant-at-Arms, gave instructions that whenever there was room below the Strangers' Gallery on the floor of the House I should be passed in by the doorkeeper without the necessity of making formal application for admission.

This still left untouched the question of my exclusion from the Lobby, a serious impediment to performance of my daily work. Having failed in other quarters, I appealed direct to Mr. Arthur Balfour, then Prime Minister. He approached the Speaker, who at once decided to create a precedent, giving me access to the Lobby, not in accordance with the rule as representative of a particular paper, but in my own name.

In communicating the decision the Speaker graciously wrote: "I have been very glad to have been able to maintain the policy of the open door for you. To have closed the door would have caused an eclipse of the gaiety of Parliament; or, to speak more accurately, it would have shut out those little shafts of light with which you daily and weekly pierce our Cimmerian darkness."

XXI.

A LECTURING TOUR.

In 1897 the Directors of the Crystal Palace, desiring to pay a tribute to Queen Victoria on the sixtieth anniversary of her coming to the Throne, projected a series of lectures upon various features of her long reign, to be delivered by experts in the concert room. At the instance of Sir Arthur Otway, sometime Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, I was selected to treat the subject of the Parliaments of the Victorian era. I could not plead that I was "unacquainted with public speaking," having suffered it through many Sessions. But I had never appeared on a public platform and did not recognize in myself aptitude for the position. Sir Arthur Otway was encouraging and insistent, and I yielded.

Instinctively feeling that the insufficiency of the lecturer demanded exceptional attraction in the person of the chairman, I wrote to Sir William Harcourt, asking him to preside. He replied:

7 Richmond Terrace, Whitehall:
January 22, 1897.

Dear Lucy,—My real desire to do what you wish makes me, *multum reluctant*, consent to your proposal, though I practise an inexorable veto against public functions of all kinds outside the House of Commons during the Session, and am obliged to accommodate the burden to aged limbs. As regards public ceremonies and speeches

I feel, as in the case of war, if they must come sooner or later, better later, and if we are to throw stones in a glass house I think May more propitious than March. Therefore if I should happen to be alive I will do my possible to sit—not stand—by you on May 12.

Yours sincerely,

W. V. Harcourt.

On the approach of the, to me, eventful day reports appeared in the newspapers notifying that Sir William was confined to his room by illness. These were confirmed by receipt of the following letter:—

My dear Lucy,—You are aware that an influence over which I have no control has disabled me from all the offices of public duty and personal enjoyment. It is a real disappointment to me to find myself deprived of the opportunity of assisting in the character of one of the oldest inhabitants at your lecture on the House of Commons. I feel sure it will be a most interesting and instructive reading in comparative anatomy by an experienced physiologist, who is well acquainted with the body politic it will be his business to dissect. We who are your subjects recognize in your kindly hand the art of a skilful surgeon who knows how to operate on his patients under anæsthetics without pain. A critic without malice and a reviewer without prejudice is a character on which the House of Commons may congratulate itself, and by whom it may profit. Humor, above all good humor, is the salt of life, and you have set the example in applying to politics this excellent antiseptic.

Yours very sincerely,

W. V. Harcourt.

Only a few days were left for me to seek another chairman. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, an old Parliamentary hand whose premature withdrawal from the arena of the House of Commons has been to its distinct disadvantage, kindly stepped into the breach. I was more sorry for him than for my-

self at the result of the enterprise. The hall, which may be well enough as a concert room, is a gloomy sepulchre of ordered speech. It was not more than half full, and, as those on the back seats could only partly hear, there was no approach to enthusiasm. We got along somehow. George Russell made a cheery speech. As for me, having among few natural gifts endowment of something of the mental habit of Mark Tapley in adverse circumstances, I betrayed no discomfiture. Perhaps I was buoyed up by reflection on the fact (a consolation not shared by my chairman) that in addition to the fee paid by the Crystal Palace Directors, the editor of the "North American Review" had paid me 50*l.* for the manuscript of the lecture, which was published in two successive numbers of his magazine.

Amongst the audience, unknown to me, was a gentleman whose presence had important influence on subsequent events. He was the manager of the leading London Lecture Agency, and was so far favorably impressed with the discourse that he asked me to permit him to obtain for me engagements to deliver it in various parts of the country. As the lecture season falls during the Parliamentary Recess, I, under the impression that the enterprise would involve some six or eight excursions, left the matter in his hands. Before the season opened he had booked over forty engagements in London and the provinces, a considerable number of invitations coming from Scotland.

It was pretty hard work, there being rarely a day's intermission from a railway journey with a lecture at night. The tour actually took the form of a series of visits to the town and country houses of friends. I do not think that through the long course of travel I more than three times put up at an hotel. There was perhaps a tendency

to kill one with kindness. Invariably my host made the visit occasion for a banquet, to which he bade a considerable number of guests. This was not the best preparation for delivery of a lecture of upwards of an hour's duration. It was kindly meant and was certainly pleasant.

My difficulty was to fit in the invitations showered on me by the kindness of friends. One I particularly regretted having to decline is conveyed in the following note:—

Belmont Castle, Meigle, Scotland:

November 16.

My dear Lucy,—Only to-day have I seen in the local papers that you are going to lecture in Dundee on Friday. You will therefore be within three-quarters of an hour of us; and what you are to do is to come here on Saturday morning and stay. Why should you not stay over the Harcourt festival next week? He is coming here on Monday night, and reposes here until the anvil is ready on which his hammer will fall on Thursday, to the confusion of all timid people and the delight of all who love a row. You are not wanted anywhere else at this time of year. Judging by the contents of the papers, they might as well be written anywhere as in London. Why not do your "Pall Mall" gossip from here? You may become even a "mere outsider," and copying his fashion predict on Monday what you will announce on Friday as having happened on Thursday.

If you are wise and bring Mrs. Lucy with you, underline all I have said, for everything would be doubled, from our pleasure downwards. And she might come here on Friday, in anticipation of you; for I am sure she can forego the pleasure of listening to your thunder on Friday. Do come.

Yours always,

H. Campbell-Bannerman.

Lord Rosebery, ever hospitable, telegraphed asking me to stay at Dalmeny during the visit to Edinburgh. I was already pledged to be the guest

of Lord Robertson, then Lord Justice General of Scotland, who, breaking through a habit long enforced by official duties, consented to appear on a public platform in Edinburgh, presiding at the lecture delivered in the hall of the Institute. Later, lecturing at Epsom, Lord Rosebery, sacrificed his dinner hour at the Durdans in order to take the chair, when he delivered a sparkling speech on the Houses of Parliament. Under such ægis the faults of the lecture and the demerits of its delivery were overlooked. The tour proved an unexpected success.

Lord Robertson, who has permanently crossed the Tweed to take his place in the House of Lords, where he ranks as Lord of Appeal, has the distinction of first bewildering, then delighting that august assembly. He too infrequently takes part in debate. When he rises he commands an audience which pays him the compliment of steadily increasing numbers.

Speaking in the first portion of the current Session on a Government Bill involving (I think) the compulsory purchase of Scottish land, he asked the

The Cornhill Magazine.

House to suppose that an analogous measure had been brought in affecting a London suburb.

"There might," he continued, "be expected to come forward a householder who said, 'I am, although perhaps it is not I who should say it, a model of all civic virtues. And yet my villa is going to be taken from me.' In amplification of his claim to be a person of the highest virtues he might go on to say, 'I am a member of the National Liberal Club, a teetotaler, and a passive resister. I have recently married my deceased wife's sister, and none of my children have been vaccinated.'"

Noble lords dozing on back benches, and others entering at the moment when Lord Robertson with artfully raised voice and emphatic manner declaimed these accumulative peculiarities of a pragmatist Radical, for a moment thought that here was public confession of infirmity openly made, a sort of breaking of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." The apprehension was only momentary, and was followed by an explosion of mirth whose hilarity was unfamiliar in the staid circle.

Henry W. Lucy.

(To be continued.)

SALLY: A STUDY.

By HUGH CLIFFORD, C. M. G.

IX.

From that day onward Saleh abandoned his rambles in Richmond Park. He dreaded to meet the little Princess again, and to be forced once more to listen to the bitter railings which had so disquieted him. Yet the story of the House of Baram Singh, as she had told it, still troubled him; for if she had spoken the truth, her people had been the victims of injustice and hardship, and their history was a dreadful and inexplicable tragedy. He wished that he possessed a deeper knowledge

of history and of affairs, for he felt dimly that there must be some explanation, something resembling a justification for all that the English were stated to have done. Failing such knowledge, he was plunged in doubt, in uncertainty; he was a prey to uncomfortable suspicions suddenly aroused; he longed to be convinced that all was as it should be, but knew not where to turn in search of enlightenment. He could not bring himself to ask questions of the Fairfaxes, partly because he was reluctant to appear to be identifying

himself with Asiatics as against white folk, to be ranging himself on the side of the lesser breed—partly because the memory of his interview with the little Princess set him wincing whenever he recalled it to mind. The incident had left behind it an impression as of something shameful, something upon which he must not suffer his thoughts to dwell, if the old serene and peaceful happiness and contentment with his lot were to be lured back again. Therefore it was with something of a shock that he heard the name of Baram Singh spoken one day at the Fairfax table.

"I see the Baram Singhs are still knocking about," Harry Fairfax remarked suddenly.

"Oh yes," said Sibyl. "Princess Marie played hockey with us all this winter. She is a beautiful half-back."

"I remember her playing when I was at home at Christmas," said Harry. "She played an uncommonly good game, but she struck me as being a trifle vicious with her stick. I have a dent in my shin-bone the depth of a walnut-shell to remember her by."

"She dances beautifully," said Alice.

"I remember that too, and, by the way, Fred Castle was awfully gone on her. Did it ever come to anything?"

"No," said Sibyl; "but I think his people were rather glad to get him away. He went out to India to join his regiment in March."

"Ah!" said Harry ruminatingly, "that will cure him."

"But her brother, Prince Alexander, has been married since you were here."

"Yes, of course. Wasn't there a great row about it?"

"Dreadful. Her people were furious: they did everything they could to prevent it," said Sibyl, with the eager interest which so many display only when discussing the misfortunes of their friends.

"I suppose she thought it smart to

be 'Princess Anything,' in spite of all drawbacks," suggested Harry.

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Sibyl; "but she has not got much out of it. Lots of people give her the cold shoulder, and I believe that she is not particularly *bien vue* even at Court."

"Serve her right!" said Harry.

"Oh, how *could* she!" ejaculated Alice, who so far had been listening in silence. "She must have been a horrid girl!"

She gave a little shudder, and then suddenly, as her eyes lighted upon Saleh's attentive face, her delicate skin was dyed to her very forehead with a burning blush.

"Keep off the grass!" said Harry, and then he and Sibyl laughed, while Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax looked embarrassed, and Saleh glanced from one to the other in utter perplexity.

The words of the conversation were in themselves familiar, yet the meaning which they seemed to have conveyed to the rest of the party was something which Saleh felt that he had caught imperfectly. What concern of his could the family affairs of the Baram Singhs be supposed to be? Yet he was dimly aware that Alice's evident embarrassment had been caused by his presence, and the fact, which to him lacked all reason, was distressing. Once again he felt himself to be an alien: once more he was filled with anger against the little Princess, who seemed fated to bring upon him unmerited humiliation.

The memory of this trifling incident was soon effaced, however, by the unusual graciousness with which Alice treated him during the afternoon that followed. She was enthusiastic in her praise of his play at lawn-tennis, and repeatedly chose him as her partner. Later, when they went on the river after tea, she said kind things about his handling of his oar, and pointedly invited him to share her seat in the

stern for the homeward row. She fancied that she had hurt his feelings, and was determined to make amends; but Saleh, who was conscious of no grievance against her, and consequently was expectant of no reparation, saw in her overtures only the natural expression of her personal liking for himself. Her approval and her graciousness warmed him with a glow which that of the Le Mesurier girls had never had the power to kindle. His proximity to her thrilled him, as he sat beside her, in a fashion that was new and wholly delightful, nor did it occur to him that her advances were somewhat more frank and open than such courtesies are apt to be between a girl and a man with whom she feels herself to be upon a footing of perfect equality. To Alice, Saleh's nationality and color made him to all intents and purposes sexless. In her estimation he was not a man, like other marriageable men, and she accordingly admitted him behind that barrier of reserve which is the girl's natural intrenchment against the aggression of the male besieger.

Therefore, as the boat lolled down the Thames that evening through the fragrant summer gloaming, Alice went out of her way to be "nice" to Saleh, her desire to allay the pain of a wound thoughtlessly inflicted leading her, though she had no inkling of it, to work him a far more lasting injury.

X.

Thenceforth Saleh marvelled at the folly which had driven him to ramble alone in Richmond Park, and at the prodigality with which he had so wantonly wasted precious hours that might have been spent in Alice's company. His one desire now was to be near the girl, to watch the play of her dainty features, the grace of her every movement, to listen to her, to feel the thrill that shot through him when she spoke to him or smiled upon him. The

remaining members of the Fairfax family had sunk in his estimation to the utter insignificance of shadows. They were to him of no sort of account, save as happy satellites that revolved around his star. For him a room was empty till Alice chanced to enter it; a game or a jaunt was unspeakably stupid and wearisome if she took no part in it; and Harry Fairfax cursed Saleh's "slackness" hourly, since the latter shirked every amusement that might take him away from the society of the girl.

Mr. Fairfax and his wife had never passed beyond the stage of being unable to see anything in the world except each other's faces, so they were quite blind to what was happening. The young people of the household were not less obtuse. They liked their guest, and noted with a certain surprise how very like an English lad he was; but their attitude towards him resembled that of the great Dr. Johnson with regard to the pig. They were not greatly concerned with the excellence of his swinish calligraphy, all their admiration being claimed by the marvel that a pig should write at all. They rather enjoyed showing Saleh off to their friends, but they never dreamed of looking upon him as a human being susceptible to all the emotions of humanity. His racial inferiority was something so completely beyond the range of dispute that it passed into their acceptance as an axiom. It was so patent a fact that it called for no demonstration. It was a point upon which they were unshakably convinced. If Alice had been accused of flirting with Saleh, she would have resented the charge as a degrading insult, and her brother and sister would have felt themselves to be no less outraged through her; but the bare possibility of such an interpretation being put upon her kindness to the lad never so much as crossed the girl's mind. It would have seemed to her too gro-

tesque, too absurd. Her whole conception of their relative positions would have had to be revolutionized before such a suspicion could even find an entry into her mind, for her very graciousness to Saleh was but an expression of the pity with which his inferiority inspired her.

Also, I think, Saleh's hairless, boyish face, which made him look to unaccustomed English eyes so much younger than his years, did him here a sorry service, for to Alice he seemed little more than a child, and it was as a child rendered piteous by irremediable deformity that she petted and flattered him. Yet Saleh, for all his apparent youth and his bare nineteen years of age, was a man full-grown. In his own country he would have entered upon the estate of the husband and the father before he was fifteen, and though the climate of England had done something towards checking his precocious development, he was now far more mature than are the majority of European lads six years his senior. Also the blood running in his veins was hot from a race which since the beginning of things has paired and mated almost in childhood, a race which holds with the primitive Adam that "it is not good for man to live alone." Circumstances, so far, had saved him from the divine obsession of love; but now in the daily companionship of Alice Fairfax the passion which his people name "the madness" came upon him in all its grandeur and its might. And the pity of it was that this was no mere cald-love, such as an English lad might have felt, nor yet the crude animal craving of man for woman which passes for love with the men of Saleh's blood and is called among them by too holy a name. For here the curse of his five years' training among English folk fell heavily. The spiritual side of the lad's nature had been developed by insensible degrees, giving him a higher range

of aspirations, a greater acuteness and delicacy of feeling, and far more power of appreciation and delight than were his by right of inheritance; but endowing him also with a capacity for suffering infinitely enhanced.

Primitive men are denied many joys which may be tasted only by their highly civilized and cultured brethren. Their desires are few, and of a kind easy to satisfy. They are never thrilled and exalted by the dreams of a lofty ambition; but the most bitter of disappointed hopes means for them nothing much more difficult of endurance than a hunger-pang—a memory which the next full meal will triumphantly efface. Inasmuch as they are nearer to the beasts, in so much are they spared the deeper agonies of man; for, just as the little mermaid in the German story could put on the likeness of a woman only at the cost of feeling the knife-blades eat into the feet with which she trod the earth, so each painful step which humanity has taken upon its upward path has made it more and more vulnerable through its increased sensitiveness, its finer perceptions. And Saleh, born and bred a primitive, but lifted through the caprice of the white men out of his native conditions, found himself, now on the threshold of manhood, possessed of a refinement of taste and a yearning after higher things such as his teachers had been at no small pains to instil. They had given him all they might, but one thing they could not give—the equal chance with others to satisfy the aspiration they had inspired.

Left to himself, he would have loved many brown girls, after the fashion of his people, with a rough passion that made no demand upon his intellect and asked no contribution from the stunted soul of him; but transplanted as he had been from his natural environment, and forced to a development foreign to his circumstances, he loved Alice Fair-

fax with all the fire of his Malayan temperament, but also with the reverence, the purity, the idealism of a European lover. And here again his utter denationalization smote him shrewdly; for since the devout lover must ever think meanly of himself when he raises his eyes to the object of his adoration, Saleh presently began to torture himself with doubts and questions.

For some flawless days he had lived in a fool's paradise, knowing only that he was happy, and dreaming not as yet that it was love which of a sudden had made the world so good a place in which to live. Then a chance word of Harry Fairfax had forced upon him a realization of the truth. "When you girls are married and settled down," Harry had said with casual, brotherly indifference, speaking of some plan of his own, and immediately Saleh had understood that the bare notion of Alice becoming the wife of any man was a thing he could not endure to contemplate. He asked for nothing for himself. He would be content just to watch and love and serve her; but she must be Alice Fairfax, not the wife of some other man. In a moment it flashed upon him how bitter it would be "to look at happiness through another man's eyes," and to that thought succeeded a kind of cold despair, for the humility of a reverent lover at last brought into focus the elusive vision of himself as a being innately inferior, giving instantly a new meaning to the hints and suspicions which of late had been haunting him.

Yet still he struggled manfully with his conviction. He was eager to admit the supreme beauty and worth of his deity, he was content to prostrate himself in spirit before her, confessing that no man in all the world could be deserving of her love. This, he thought, must be the creed of any man who

dared to love her; but he fought with himself desperately to prevent the truth from forcing him farther than that admission implied. He tried to shut his eyes to the gulf that divides the white men from the brown, strove strenuously to persuade himself that though all men were unworthy of her, he was not the most unworthy of all, and then the insolent words of the little Princess came back to him, mocking his grief. "You black boy," she had called him, and the memory of the words set him wincing anew. He was not *black*, he told himself,—not black like a *Habshi*. (He still preserved sufficient of his Malayan prejudices to feel the deepest contempt for an African negro.) He was dark, of course, but hardly more swarthy than were many of the people he had seen at Naples on his voyage to England; yet he knew now that it was this very matter of his color which had been troubling him ever since he first came to stay at Richmond. For a day or two after he had made the discovery that he loved Alice, the emotions that rent him affected him so deeply that his friends feared that he was ill, and Alice, more pitiful of him than ever, was doubly kind and gracious. Then the facile optimism of the ease-loving Malay came to his aid, and seeing how good the girl was to him, he speedily persuaded himself that he had been frightened by shadows. Something of his former self-content returned to him; an echo of the belief, held so firmly by the natural Malay, that his race represents humanity in its highest expression, came to him, bringing him some measure of comfort in spite of its want of logic; he comported himself with his old proud independence, and though now and again reaction plunged him in despair, at other times his hopes ran high, and even the impossible seemed easy of achievement.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

LOST HOMES AND NEW FLATS.

The homing instinct—the instinct for making a home, keeping it, taking a pride in it, loving it, returning to it from the ends of the earth—was once a characteristic of the Briton. It was an instinct born in him and fostered by education, environment, and tradition. It may be, and possibly is, still born in him, but it is overlaid in its infancy by the conditions of life in this century. In the man this instinct is, though it be said with fear and trembling, dying harder than in the really modern woman. The educated, athletic, healthy woman of to-day has cultivated such a holy horror of becoming purely domestic, of the "tabby cat" order, and, moreover, has so many interests, wholesome and unwholesome, outside her home, that she has less use for the fireside than the man of her own class; especially as that fireside is associated for her with the daily round, the common task. The corresponding man is "something" in or out of the City, or is at the ends of the earth on duty or pleasure, but the vision of home remains to him a reality to which it would be pleasant and restful to return. It is one of the injustices of this age that it is taking away from the male, boy or man, the vision of home.

In these days the very rich have no homes, they have "places"; and the middle classes in London will soon have no homes; they will have flats. A flat is specially constructed for getting away from. It is an excellent jumping-off place.

It is impossible to split the essentials to home-making into component and labelled parts. Each man has in his own mind's eye a vision of what home was, or might be, or is. But it is impossible to believe that in any of these private visions home is in a block of modern flats with a common staircase, a

common lift, and an absence of that privacy which our forefathers cultivated.

Unfortunately, from various causes—ground landlords and a desire to shirk responsibility—London is becoming a city of flat dwellers. It is not only that the æsthetic sense is offended by the huge, ugly, modern commonplace barrack, it is not only beauty that is lost, but possibilities, to the individual and the nation. In proportion as flat life increases home life decreases. The flat dweller ought not to keep a dog, prefers not to keep a cat, cannot have a garden, has no chance of keeping house, has no possible place for memories, and, most emphatically of all, has no use or accommodation for babies. Although it may be possible to make homes without kittens, or babies, or flowers, or memories, or cupboards, the spirit of home is hard to woo and win without any of them.

The very genius of the flat is that it shall be easy to leave; and, let us be just to the flat, it is very easy to leave. As one of the ambitions of this age is always to be getting away from somewhere as quickly as possible, it is a point scored to the flat that it lends itself so readily to this new philosophy of life, which is summed up in the expressive American verb—to hustle. A certain proportion of flat dwellers are the lonely of either sex, men and women to whom the unknown neighbor above and below and around is to be desired as providing an attenuated sense of human companionship. These have a moral right to a flat if they like it. The flat, also, is useful to, and justifiable for, those who are only wanting a halting-place between one home and another. As tents in the desert flats are excellent. It is as homes they are failures.

My jeremiad against the flat as a home has two clauses; first, that it makes home life practically impossible, and is sending it to decay through the dry-rot of disuse; and, second, that it is causing deterioration of the men and women who inhabit it. These men, under better and happier conditions, might be worthy of the honorable titles of heads of households, husbands, and fathers, men who would work harder, more honestly, and with more heart for the home that was a home and not a mere glorified furnished apartment, a lodging from Monday to Friday. These women in another age might have been the honorable wearers of the old names of wife, mother, and housewife. But to-day—shades of our grandmothers!—to call the modern flat dwelling woman a housewife!

How can you keep house, with the best will in the world, without a cupboard? Housekeeping becomes an art indeed, but an art of a different kind to that which our mothers taught us. It is a gamble. The principal rule is to live from hand to mouth, and the art consists in finding the shortest line from shop to mouth. Get your food in the smallest possible quantities, for you have not the power, even if you had the wish, to store. Order by telephone and eat in haste, for are you not always just come back or just going away?

Your grandmother in her leisurely way, keys at her side, going the round of store-rooms with their rich suggestions of forethought and almost loving care, and with their pungent odors of good things to come, and into her dairy larders, cool and airy, where food might be kept fresh and sweet, is a picture of gracious, provident, old-fashioned womanhood. It is a picture belonging to the days when housekeeping was a serious matter, at once an art and a science to be studied, and its results appraised and approved. It be-

longs to the days of the lavender-scented linen chest, packed with the work of years. It belongs to the days that will never return, and perhaps had better not be regretted. To the mistress of the flat this pride of achievement—petty, perhaps, but pardonable—is unknown. How can you take pride in that in which you have no interest? How can you take interest in that in which you have no pride?

The elaborate, many-coursed, unsatisfying dinner which fashion and the epicure demand, is best provided at the restaurant which fashion and the epicure are pleased for the moment to praise. For the scanty, hasty meals which must be had in the flat the mistress must reverse the old household rule that it is more economical to keep the store loaded than depend on daily deliveries.

The flat servants are, like their masters, just coming or just going. Why not? That is the atmosphere of the flat. Why should a servant attempt to make a home out of a cupboard-bedroom looking into a well, and opening out of the kitchen?

The flat is so easily managed, so convenient, such a labor-saving contrivance, everything in fact but a home!

It is perhaps necessary to interpolate, in self-defence, that good housekeepers and good home-makers are not synonymous. There are numberless varieties of excellent housekeepers who have no ideas or qualities for making a home. There are women who worry and women who fuss; women who fill their houses with knick-knacks and then sacrifice themselves and everyone in the house on an altar set up to worship the precious possessions; women who keep servants and then do their work; women who are so busy giving their husbands and children food that they have no leisure to give them companionship; one-sided women of every description, who may nevertheless be

good housekeepers. The woman who aspires to be a home-maker must be many-sided.

But flat life is gradually destroying those qualities in man and woman which are not called into play. The tendency to reduce life to the simple proposition—"you press the button and we do the work"—is not pure gain to the one who presses the button. The leisure which results becomes, not a hardly won, precious possession, but empty hours to be filled by strenuous efforts after amusement, morbid imaginings or undisciplined longings. There is no emollient like daily duties, no philosophy so enlightening as hard work, no chain so strong as the clasp of baby fingers, no magnetism so powerful as love. And it is at bottom love which makes a home.

But in a flat there is certainly no room for babies. Why, there would be hardly room to keep wrapped away in your little memory-box your baby's first shoe, or the curl that was cut off when to your sorrow he was slipping into boyhood. "A baby rising three years and kitten rising three months" is everywhere a hopeless ideal, for babies and kittens have a horrid trick of growing bigger. But in a flat both babies and kittens are out of place. There can be no sunny nurseries, no garden, however small, no real privacy, no big lumber room, where the boys can kick a ball or the girls make a mess on a wet day. And there are neighbors to right of them, neighbors to left of them, neighbors above and neighbors below them, who volley and thunder if the silence is broken, and others who have pianos and friends who, like Sir Toby Belch, go to bed early. Add to this solid block of neighbors, each with his own pet aversion or idiosyncrasy, a crying baby, two babies, or a boy or two. No! we cannot add to this any babies at all. There is no accommodation for them in flats. Some work-

men's flats, with their high, wide balconies, and a common playground, making fresh air possible, do seem to have been constructed with some vague idea that children have a claim on their elders for the common rights of air and space. But the architect of the elegant, convenient, high-class flat makes no such concessions to the poor-rich middle class.

Amongst the other lost arts—lost in the deep wells of the flat—is the gentle art of hospitality, which must not be confused with entertaining. Of entertaining there is too much, for it is so simple and impersonal, it is part of the labor-saving paraphernalia. If you decide to entertain in your flat you telephone to the nearest of the many agencies existing for the purpose, and leave everything in their hands. They will supply your entire evening—food, servants, entertainment, flowers, taste, and, if necessary, guests. Your pennies, or rather pounds, pour down the slot; the machine supplies the rest. This is not hospitality, but machine-made entertaining; and, truth to tell, affords small entertainment to the guests and none to the hosts. There are even simpler methods of offering the *quid pro quo* for value received open to the flat dweller who decides not to have the small worry of asking his guests to his house at all. The restaurant is always available with an elaborate dinner, and the latest fancy in *entremets*, and then on to the theatre maybe; afterwards, there is only the bill to pay. It is all so simple and so impersonal.

But how Miss Betty Barker's party shines in comparison. What an event was the night itself to hostess and guests; what conversation is provided for weeks of evenings, and what memories! There was the joy of achievement for the hostess, or rather hostesses, for was not the faithful maid who had worked hard with real joy and pride for the honor of the house a

joint hostess on the occasion, and for the guests the satisfaction of going where one's presence gave pleasure. Even the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson's select gathering to the very *élite* of Cranford was a fearful joy (except for the shortage in provisions) for there was the glory of drinking tea with the widow of a Scotch peer and an exhibition of three new caps and a greater array of brooches than had ever been seen since Cranford became a town.

Hospitality costs more than money. It costs effort (carefully veiled, that is the art), and a giving out of individuality, fore-thought, and, above all, a selfless desire to please, not to shine. This in part might be possible in the flat, but a candid dweller in flatland would be bound to confess that it is not common. Indeed, the spirit of the age is largely responsible for the decadence of hospitality everywhere. The giving or receiving of the simple hospitality of the home is out of date. Competition in the splendor of the entertainments, which is taking its place, is killing it.

The kindly "open house" hospitality too, which even the dweller in the humblest of real homes is glad to offer—a bed whenever you like to come—is impossible in flatland. So many of the elegant modern blocks are considered roomy with three small bedrooms, that to take "a stranger within the gates" is an impossibility to a flatland family. The pleasure of asking your friends into the life of your home, so that you may know and be known as you are, the best and the worst of you, is denied to the dwellers in flats. The joy of taking in those who need the shelter of a home, or of giving a change of thought and scene to the friend or relation from the country, is unknown to those who have not a home themselves. The tombstone of hospitality is being erected—"a long time languishing,

finally died, and was buried in flatland" runs the inscription.

The privilege of being ill in comfort is another of the losses incurred by those who dwell with neighbors and noises all around and above them. If, indeed, there is any room left to be ill in! Presumably the flat dweller, between the time of just coming back and just going off, is so well equipped with every modern convenience that illness and tiredness are eliminated from the scheme of life.

If the flat has no room for friends or flower gardens, sickness, or kittens, boys or babies, it has certainly no place for memories. Who in leaving a flat turns round and looks back with a wistful heart at the odd corners full of sweet memories? For one reason, there are no odd corners; there are only sharp angles that bark your shins. There is no possibility of the memory of your mother waiting eagerly at the door watching as you run up the garden home again from school. Where is the deep broad seat, half-way up the stairs, where, behind the curtains and looking over the trees, you heard or told the old new tale of love? Wherever there is human life there are the eternities—Love, Life, and Death. "And Love can climb that stony stair" (to parody Mr. Austin Dobson) in any modern flat. But surely there never were surroundings less congenial to the verities than a block of flats. It has no atmosphere—either moral or physical—only machine-made conveniences.

We English were proverbially a nation of homes, and the British matron, though occasionally she becomes confused with Mrs. Grundy, still remains a dim picture, which men respect, of gracious womanhood doing a woman's work in a womanly way, caring for her household, and moving among her sons and daughters as their friend. That same British matron has found time

in that dim picture to take her share of the world burdens outside her home. The homeless, the friendless, and the sorrowful have not been less befriended because there was a home that had to come first. She has worked so well that her reward has been more work in a wider sphere—and she has asked for nothing better. Have Elizabeth Fry and Queen Victoria and Mrs. Booth and a whole gallery of other women been less world workers because they were also home workers? Try and bring from out of the normal atmosphere of the flat if you can some great man or woman who has looked at life and understood it. The thing is incongruous. Individuality is stifled. The vision becomes blurred and the perspective false.

The children who do find their way into flatland have all the chances against them. Cramped for air and space, robbed of the discipline of give-and-take in a family, cheated of the memories of home which make men pure and women strong, they do not start fairly, and the nation which is looking to them as its future rulers and citizens will be disappointed. It is its home life which has been not the least factor in the making of England. And if home life—with all that it means, and might mean—disappears, we may become rich, we shall not become great. Socialism proposes to rob us of our homes and give us instead ready-made citizens. It proposes, or did propose in a pretty book of fantasies called the Fabian Essays, published many years ago, to take our children from us and bring them up in State nurseries. This, of course, may happen for our

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sins, but when it does, let the nation look elsewhere for its great men and women.

To save time by simplifying life—not by living the simple life, which is much too complicated a matter—is indeed worth while. To distinguish between the essential and non-essential of domestic life that you may spend the surplus of your time in adding to the world's happiness or subtracting something of its burden or increasing the sum of its knowledge is a characteristic of mind marking out the great of both sexes. But that is not the simplification of the typical mistress of the flat. She has simplified life by dropping out the essentials of life. She has reduced it to a machine-made article in which she merely pulls the lever. And why this effort at reducing duties to a vanishing point? Is it not that she can devote herself to chasing pleasures and to catching the thrill of excitement which her jaded taste finds necessary? The bridge table is the substitute for the cradle. The winning of other people's money is the excitement which takes the place of the joy of achievement. The home is an interruption to the game; duties interfere with pleasures and must be curtailed. This is the working hypothesis of the decadent of both sexes. "What is the chief end of man?" To which the shortest catechism makes answer—"To shuffle out of his duties and be amused."

Life robbed of its duties is robbed of its pleasures. But that is a secret you learn in homes, and homes are growing scarcer.

Annie Groser Hurd.

INDIA UNDER THE CROWN.**A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS.**

October 30, 1858, the famous Proclamation of Queen Victoria, transferring the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, was read in all the great cities of India; and October 30, 1908, Lord Minto read at Jodhpur a new Proclamation from the first Emperor who has ever exercised undivided control over the whole Indian peninsula. The Queen's Proclamation was issued at a momentous period in the history of British rule. The embers of the Great Revolt were still smouldering, and Michel's troopers were still chasing Tantia Topi amid the wilds of Central India. The angry passions that had blazed forth upon both sides were still visible. Great Britain had subdued the rising, but she had to face the task of constructing a new administration out of the fragments of the old. Into this arena of fierce encounters, and of tragic memories which still were fresh and poignant, came the message of the Queen, breathing a spirit of humanity and forgiveness and peace. "Write it," wrote her Majesty to Lord Derby, "remembering that it is a female Sovereign who speaks to more than 100,000,000 of Eastern people on assuming the direct government over them after a bloody civil war. . . . Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence, and religious feeling, pointing out the privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British Crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization." In that spirit the Proclamation was written; in that spirit, despite many accusations to the contrary, it has been scrupulously observed. The British in India have no reason to fear the verdict of posterity upon the half-century

that has elapsed since the control of the Company was replaced by that of the Government of India as we know it to-day.

The changes which have been wrought in the Indian Empire during the last 50 years are very great. The accessions of territory represent an enormous area. Upper Burma, Baluchistan, and the Doora have passed under our control. Our political frontier has been extended to the borders of Afghanistan and the high Pamirs on the one hand, and to the upper waters of the Mekong on the other. Our flag has been carried alike to the Roof of the World and to the heart of Indo-China. Exact statistics of the area and population owning our sway in 1858 are lacking. No accurate estimates were made until 1872, but in that year the area of the Indian Empire was calculated at 1,450,744 square miles, with a population of 239 millions. To-day it is estimated at 1,766,597 square miles, with a population of 294½ millions. That is about one-fifth of the population of the whole world. It is not always realized that two-fifths of this vast territory is still under native rule; and these figures do not include either the tribal territory between our administrative frontier and the Durand line on the north-west, which is under our political control, or the countries of Afghanistan and Nepal; which are to a considerable extent under our influence.

The material development of India under the Crown has been equally impressive. When the Queen's Proclamation was read, John Bright said in Parliament that there were more "travellable" roads in a single English county than in the whole of India. The Grand Trunk Road only reached

to Benares, and had hardly any bridges. Three little stretches of railway were thrust inland from Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, but their total length was scarcely 300 miles. Last April there were 30,287 miles of railway open and nearly 2,000 miles under construction, while probably nearly 200,000 miles of roads were being maintained. When the Company was resisting the advent of the Crown in 1858, the Court of Directors boasted that their irrigation works irrigated $1\frac{1}{2}$ million acres; to-day the major and minor irrigation works irrigate nearly 23 million acres. This is exclusive of private irrigation works, which probably irrigate another $26\frac{1}{2}$ million acres. The total irrigated area of British India, including both State and private works, is now close upon 50 million acres even in a dry year. The foreign trade of the country has grown by leaps and bounds. In the last year of the Company the exports of India were valued at $39\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, and the imports at $14\frac{1}{4}$ millions. During the year which ended last March the exports were estimated at 118 millions sterling, and the imports at 91 millions, while the addition of $24\frac{1}{2}$ millions for net imports of treasure brings the aggregate total to the enormous sum of $233\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. There was only one jute factory in Bengal in 1858, and the Bombay cotton mill industry was still in its infancy. To-day the forests of chimneys in the island of Bombay and on the banks of the Hugli attest the extraordinary growth of the jute and cotton trades. All over India the process of industrial development is at work, and 700,000 persons are now in regular employment in Indian factories. Much of the capital on which these industries are based is Indian.

It would be easy to pour forth streams of figures in proof of the progress of India under the Crown. Take

for instance, the question of revenue. In the year before the Mutiny broke out the total revenue, at the then rate of exchange, was $33\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling. Last year, allowing for the fall in exchange, the total was 71 millions, and for the current year it is estimated at $73\frac{1}{2}$ millions; and these figures do not take into account the large growth in expenditure in local areas. Land revenue represented half the total receipts in the former period, but now it only constitutes nine twenty-fifths of the total. Take, again, the question of education. In 1858 the expenditure was £394,000, and the number of scholars comparatively small; last year there were $4\frac{3}{4}$ million males under instruction and 623,000 females, while the total expenditure was $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. Yet when it is considered that the last census revealed only $15\frac{1}{2}$ million literate persons in India, of whom less than a million were females, it must be held that a completely successful educational policy is still far to seek. Only in one respect do the available statistics show a decline since 1858. When the Crown took over the control of India there were 93,000 English and 213,000 native troops. To-day, in spite of great increases of territory, the strength is 76,000 English and 149,000 native troops, excluding the Volunteers and the Imperial Service forces. If, as is sometimes said, our rule rests upon bayonets, they are neither very numerous nor very visible.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to deal solely with the moral and material development of India under the Crown. The few facts quoted are merely introduced by way of illustration. They might be indefinitely multiplied did space permit. In every department of the Administration a remarkable advance has been witnessed. The codification of the civil and criminal laws, which has done so much to improve the administra-

tion of justice, was one of the first great tasks undertaken by the new Executive. The conservation of the forests of India, a matter of the utmost importance to the well-being of large masses of the rural population, was only begun systematically after the Company ceased to exist. The wonderful system of famine prevention and relief, which has just successfully undergone a most severe test in the United Provinces, is entirely the creation of Crown control. The general rise in the standard of living and comfort during the last 50 years has been most marked. The evidence on the point is overwhelming, though too detailed and too technical to be reproduced here. Large measures intended to give the people a considerable share in the management of their own affairs have from time to time been passed. In the Imperial and provincial Legislative Councils their representatives can make their voices heard, even although there has been little real delegation of power. An elaborate system of local self-government has been devised, which is perhaps in excess of the requirements of the country. There are now 750 municipalities, with an annual income of about six millions sterling, controlling the local affairs of nearly 17 million people. There are also 1,087 district and local boards, with an annual revenue of over three millions. But the almost entirely rural character of the bulk of the population of India, which necessarily restricts local self-government, is never adequately realized in this country. In all India there are only 31 towns with a population of over 100,000, as against 85 such towns in England and Wales alone. The typical unit of population in India remains, and must always remain, a cluster of dwellings around a well and a tree or two.

For many years it has been the fashion among Indian politicians to say

that the promises made in the Queen's Proclamation have not been kept. They declare that the rulers of India have broken "their plighted word." They are very fond of describing the Proclamation as their Magna Charta, but it is very much open to doubt whether many among the modern generation have ever seriously studied it. How many Englishmen know the text of their own Magna Charta? The first three salient promises in the Proclamation related to the princes of India. They were told that all treaties and engagements made with them by the East India Company were accepted by the Crown, and would be "scrupulously maintained." That promise has been faithfully fulfilled, and the most ancient treaties with native States are regarded as being as sacred and as binding as when they were first drafted. The next statement was that the Crown desired "no extension of our present territorial possessions." That also has been strictly observed. Ever since the Mutiny the so-called "law of lapse"—which was not, as is too often supposed, invented by Lord Dalhousie—has ceased to be exercised. The States of princes dying without heirs are no longer annexed by the Crown. Adoption of an heir is permitted not only during a prince's lifetime, but even after his death. The rendition of the great State of Mysore to native rule in 1881, after it had been administered by the British for 50 years, is the most signal proof that no native State is nowadays a Naboth's vineyard to the paramount Power. The third promise to the princes of India was that the Sovereign would "respect the rights, dignity, and honor of native princes as our own." That promise, too, has been amply maintained, and the princes of India to-day enjoy a security and a consideration which their forbears never knew under the Moguls.

As to the subjects of the Crown, the Proclamation declared the Sovereign bound to them "by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects." The phrase is vague, and a little difficult to interpret; but in so far as it implies the duty of maintaining peace and security of life and property, and the provision of strict and impartial justice, it has been unswervingly adhered to. The famous passage which follows, about the maintenance of religious liberty, has been observed almost with an excess of zeal. Every experienced Indian administrator knows how often the pretext of "religious rights and feelings" has been utilized to cover very mundane motives for obstructing some administrative act. So, too, with the promises concerning the heritage of lands and the regard to be paid by the law to "the ancient rights, usages and customs of India." The voluminous records of the law Courts are an abiding testimony to the faithful fulfilment of these solemn undertakings.

What, then, remains? The whole controversy which has arisen around the Queen's Proclamation really relates to a single sentence, which says:—

And it is our further will that, *so far as may be*, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.

It is, in short, a question of loaves and fishes. Indian politicians allege that race does, in all but a very few cases, constitute a disqualification for the higher offices in the State. They point out, what is unquestionably a fact, that at present no Indian may hope to reach responsible rank in the Army; and they contend that in civil appointments the present methods of selection lead to the belief that their

exclusion is "intended to be perpetual."

The converse arguments were set forth at considerable length by Lord Curzon in his sixth Budget speech at Calcutta in 1904. The then Viceroy frankly maintained that the highest ranks of civil employment in India, though open to such Indians as can pass the necessary tests,

must, nevertheless, as a general rule, be held by Englishmen, for the reason that they possess, partly by heredity, partly by upbringing, and partly by education, the knowledge of the principles of government, the habits of mind, and the vigor of character, which are essential to the task, and that, the rule of India being a British rule, and any other rule being in the circumstances of the case impossible, the tone and standard should be set by those who have created and are responsible for it.

In advancing this contention, Lord Curzon was simply elaborating the principle laid down so long ago as 1870 by the late Duke of Argyll, who, in his letter on the statute giving additional facilities to Indians to enter the Civil Service, wrote:—"It should never be forgotten, and there should never be any hesitation in laying down the principle, that it is one of our first duties to the people of India to guard the safety of our own dominion." Lord Curzon went on to urge that the general policy of the Government of India was "to restrict rather than to extend European agency," and he proceeded to quote many figures in support of his assertion. Those figures need not now be recapitulated. Their general purport was to show that since 1867—there are no statistics of earlier years—there had been a very great growth in the number of Indians employed in subordinate posts, and a moderate but still very appreciable increase in the number employed in superior posts. The British Empire employs in India in the

civil administration fewer than 6,500 of its own countrymen, of whom only 1,263 are in receipt of salaries of £800 a year or more. On the other hand, the other side of the question was rather forcibly, but perhaps a little unfairly, put by an Anglo-Indian correspondent of "The Times," who in a recent letter stated:—"It is a fact that by far the greater number of officials are Indian, but there is a constant tendency to exclude them from posts that Englishmen want to hold, and to give them only posts that no Englishman would willingly take." The precise interpretation of this contentious sentence of the Queen's Proclamation will probably always remain a subject of dispute. It may be said, however, that there is an increasing disposition to employ Indians in every grade of the public service; and in a year which has seen two Indians appointed to the Secretary of State's Council, it can no longer be said that they are excluded from the highest posts.

The greatest change that has come over India during the 50 years of Crown control is in no sense material. It cannot be expressed in statistics, and it finds no record in current official reports. All the striking facts about the growth of trade and public works, of railways and of revenue, are of less importance at the present juncture, from the point of view of the ruling Power, than the unquestionable growth of insistent political aspirations. The common assumption is that the appearance of these aspirations, in a somewhat militant form, was a consequence of the sudden advent of Japan into the front rank of world Powers. That is by no means the case. To a limited degree they had been silently and almost imperceptibly gathering strength for many years, and the victories of Japan only gave them form and energy. It must be remembered that it was Great Britain, and not Japan, who

first aroused Asia from the slumber of centuries. The new and pulsating life of India was brought into being by our own efforts, and it is the reflex influence of the British Empire in India that has stirred all Asia into activity. Half a century of ceaseless and unselfish toil has brought about the inevitable consequences, which at first were largely unforeseen. When the Queen's Proclamation was read in India the country was still to a great extent isolated, as it had been for hundreds of years. The sea and the eternal mountains shut it off from the world without. The people of England were only vaguely conscious of its realities, and were not deeply interested in its welfare. Comparatively few Indians had visited England, or had learned to look beyond their own frontiers. Paradoxical though it may seem, the dominant feeling in India, even in the midst of the Mutiny, was that of acquiescence in foreign control. Education had made but little headway, and men had not begun to think. We have changed all that. We have broken down the barriers by which India was hedged, and have brought the peninsula into the arena of international politics. We have taught Indians to gaze outwards, we have preached to them of liberty of speech and thought, we have urged them to join in the task of working out their own salvation. If they have responded by eventually formulating demands which we cannot possibly grant, the result need occasion no surprise. It is, however, time to recognize and to admit that their plea for a larger share in the management of their own local affairs is not wholly sectional or limited. Between the dastardly conspirators who fling bombs, on the one hand, and the tens of millions of peasants who know nothing of Western politics, on the other hand, there exists a large and growing body of public opinion in

India which asks steadily and increasingly for a more responsible share of local control. As India is not really one country, but is rather a collection of countries inhabited by widely differing races, such public opinion as is manifested cannot be called in any sense homogeneous; but still the desire is displayed in varying forms, and it has to be reckoned with. That is the great factor with which we are confronted at the end of an eventful half-century; and it will tax the brains of our ablest statesmen to find a suitable solution of the problem.

It is well known that the second 50 years of Crown control are to be inaugurated by certain important developments in the Indian administrative system, designed to satisfy to some extent the cravings of the moderate and reasonable men among the people of India for more power and influence. What form those developments will take has not yet been disclosed. The secret has been well kept, and possibly we shall know very little about it until almost the end of the year. All that has been announced is that the original programme of reforms, issued last year, has undergone material revision and modification, that some of the original proposals have been abandoned, and that others have been substituted. It may be hoped and believed that, whatever is done, the essential safeguards of British sovereignty will not be impaired. It is more imperative than ever that no reform should be introduced which might weaken the firmness of British control, for that is as essential to the welfare of India as it is to our own Imperial existence. One important reflection which must be noted upon this interesting anniversary is that, however restive India may have become under British methods of administration, loyalty to the Crown is deeper and more abiding than it was 50 years ago. Such a

thought, well founded as it is, must be counted worth many grave misgivings. India may clamor for self-government, her people may dislike constituted authority, they may be indifferent to the solid material advantages British rule has conferred upon them, but they have never wavered in their belief in that justice and generosity and exalted benevolence of which, to them, the Monarch is the chief visible embodiment. The people of India see no inconsistency in this curious attitude. Veneration for hereditary rule is their natural instinct. They may have no affection for the Government of India, which is to them a nebulous thing; but the King-Emperor stands apart, to him they yield undiminished homage, and he is the real link that binds India to the British Empire. The most reassuring consideration revealed by an examination of the last 50 years of British rule in India is that of the deepening sense of loyalty to the Crown. It co-exists even with revolutionary aspirations in a way almost unimaginable in the West; it is the best augury of the future stability of British authority; and few acts of statesmanship in India have been wiser and more far-seeing than that which substituted the control of the Crown for that of the Company. The subsequent assumption of the Imperial title was a step which is now recognized, even by those in England who once opposed the innovation, to have been judicious and desirable.

The greatest danger that lies before the British in India is that their rule may grow stereotyped and perfunctory; that their representatives may grow weary of a task which becomes more difficult and more exacting every year; that in seeking to admit the people to a larger share in the administration they may in the end yield up that strong domination which for many a decade to come must be essential to

the wise and continuous development of the Indian Empire. Already the apologetic note is far too frequently heard. We have nothing to apologize for. We may have made mistakes, but we can look back upon the past half-century with pride. For 50 years we have given the Indian Empire peace, we have saved it from strife and created for it an orderly and settled rule, we have developed its resources, we have made for it a great place in the world. For 50 years a fifth of the whole human race has lived in security and concord and increasing comfort and prosperity, through the labors of a handful of self-reliant and devoted Englishmen. We have tamed and trained the rivers of India, we have won back enormous areas to cultivation, we have conserved her forests, we have created new cities, we have built harbors and roads and railways, we have developed her trade, we have greatly increased her internal wealth, we have protected her borders, we have taught her people the arts of government, we have given

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them an expanding system of education, we have awakened among them the very ideals which now lead some of them to raise their voices against us. Rome never reared such an Empire, far from her own centre; there is nothing in the world's history that quite compares with the achievements of the British in India, and we may be pardoned upon so great an anniversary for looking upon our handiwork and seeing that it is good. If we have been hard and austere, our vast responsibilities have made us so. We have never for a moment been able to forget that we are a people

whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies.

It will be an evil day for us if we ever forget it in the years that are to come, and palter with the great trust that has been reposed in us. In the words of the courageous Emperor Baber, we must "place our foot in the stirrup of resolution and our hands on the reins of confidence in God."

THE GREAT FEVERSHAM.

"Once upon a time there was a man who had a small garden with a big ash tree in it. It was a good enough tree, but, like others of its sort, it prevented anything else from growing near it. This did not matter to the man when he first discovered the tree; but after a time it did matter, for it became imperative for him to grow cabbages. He thought once or twice he'd grow roses too, but they never came to anything at all. For the matter of that, the cabbages did not flourish either—that garden altogether was not much of a success; you see, the man tried to grow them under the ash tree. At last, however, he saw it was no

good: either the cabbages or the tree must go: and as he could not dispense with the one, down came the other. After that he kept on growing cabbages more or less successfully all the rest of his life. Every now and then the ash tree sprouted and gave trouble, and had to be treated drastically; but it left off sprouting after a time, and at last it died. In the end, the man was rich enough to buy another garden for the cabbages; but by that time it did not matter, the ash stump was quite dead then."

That was the story the Little Feversham told the Great Feversham one evening when the Great one had asked

lazily for suggestions for a story. The Little one had first refused, saying he knew nothing of plots and stories now.

"But you used to write a bit yourself," the Great Feversham objected.

"That's why I'm not giving you a plot," the other answered; "it would be no good to you."

"Not as you gave it, perhaps, but it might suggest an idea; you used to give me help one way and another—you have rather a faculty for seeing, you know, though you do trudge the business round."

The Little Feversham smiled; he was much older than the Great one—so much older that he did not mind the unconscious touch of patronage. "You don't want my help now," he said. "And as for seeing—what should I see? It is all just meals, sleep, work in a groove for me *ad infinitum*."

The other one knew it. "I would not stand it," he said, but half to himself.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not; you're young and successful—I'm not," and the Little Feversham filled his pipe slowly, still smiling.

"You might have made a name if you had followed up your first success," the younger brother said. "I always wonder why you did not."

"Why I didn't write another book? I did, and the fate that befell it was the fate it deserved; it failed."

"And that was the end?" Plainly the younger man thought it strange to be content to accept defeat so. To him there was only one explanation of such a thing: the promise of the first book must have been an empty promise, with no power of fulfilment in the creating brain behind. He did not say this, but the other could guess what was in his mind.

"What does it matter? One of us has won success and honor for the name—what does it matter whether it is you or I?"

The man who had succeeded felt that

it did matter to him, but he refrained from saying so, and for a little they smoked in silence. At length the elder brother took his pipe from his mouth. "Did I ever tell you the tale of the cabbage garden?" he asked. "It isn't a plot exactly, but it is a thing one sees."

And he told the parable of the ash tree and the cabbages. And the Great Feversham in no ways comprehended it or thought it of much account. Which was precisely what the Little one wished; for he himself was the man with the garden, and the Great younger brother was one of the cabbages; and the ash tree—it was dead, and the ashes of the dead should rest in peace.

It was a good many years ago now that the ash tree was cut down; John Feversham was young then—young enough to believe that newspaper notices and a successful novel are fame. Glorious days those, when the world lies all before and victory is certain! One night in particular stood out in the man's memory even now, after the lapse of years. He was a barrister, just called to the Bar then; briefless it is true, but what did that matter? He had his fortune in his inkpot; moreover, his father was a rich man, there was no need for any profession to be followed. As well, doubtless, since an immediate and sufficient income is not the inevitable accompaniment of first literary success. He sat that night and watched the lights of the city come twinkling out one after another in the grayness below, and listened to the hum of the life down there, exalted with the thought of first success, feeling the great heart beat in unison with his own—the heart of humanity, which he would touch, would understand and reveal. The curious joining up with all who work, who love and suffer and live, which is the heritage of imagina-

tion, was his that night. So he sat long and dreamed of what should be said and told; of books and plans, and the dear silent people born in his brain, living in his mind, just the best company in the world. Even now, all these years after, when the books and plans were all dead and done with, and the man who had had them was on in life, a quiet undistinguished, plodding man—he still loved the twilight in the city. He looked wistfully forth sometimes to see the lights come twinkling out, and still he felt, though dumbly, the great heart beating with his own.

But in the far-off time of which I speak John Feversham was young and successful and quite sure of the future. His book was well reviewed and moderately well sold; and the public, the small part that concerns itself with such things, heralded him as a coming novelist. But while this success was quite fresh and a second book only in its earliest infancy, a calamity befell the author. His father died; a serious loss in most cases, but a double loss here. John was an eldest son, and so head of the family; the settlement of affairs naturally devolved largely on him. He was prepared for this, of course; his wish to comfort his widowed mother was as sincere as his mourning for his father, and his intention to devote all necessary time to family matters was as sincere as both, but it was a somewhat bigger affair than he anticipated.

There are some families who, like England, expect every man to do his duty. John's family was of that sort; it was large, numbering nine younger than John, and its notion of duty was large—at least, the notion held by the three elder sisters, one married and two single. The mother had less marked opinions, being mild in all things, except lamentations, where she rivalled the prophet Jeremiah. Poor soul, she wept herself sick over her

husband's death, his goodness to her, his consideration for her comfort, his efforts to spare her every anxiety. All of which was very true, for she had been kept like a hothouse plant. She confided her grief to everyone, though not very explicitly, for her grief for her present loss often became mixed with grief for a son now twenty years dead.

"He was the image of his father," so she said; "not the least like John. I never could think who John was like; but Archie, there was no doubt about Archie. If he had lived, poor dear, I should not feel it half so much; I could almost have persuaded myself his father was still alive. At least, at times, in the dusk—the resemblance was always stronger in the dusk; I used to notice it so when we were sitting by the fire waiting for the lamps to be brought. Ah, happy, happy times! I have always loved the dusk."

Here she broke down to cry quietly till her eldest daughter soothed her to silence.

"There, mamma, you feel better now, don't you? We won't sit in this dismal light any longer; I ought to have thought the twilight would recall old memories and be too much for you."

"It is not too much for me; I prefer it—very much prefer it: I cannot see your dreadful funereal black. I cannot bear black. Your poor papa, too, did not like it; he said it did not become me. I never had an entirely black silk dress in my life; why, even my new one is a shade of purple, a lovely heliotrope. Think of it hanging up in the wardrobe! It will never be any use now, and such an expensive silk!"

"It will come in nicely to trim dresses for the younger ones when we are in half-mourning."

"My dear! Do you think I would allow your sisters to wear dresses made from one of mine? What would

your papa have said? He hated anything of that sort; he was the most generous man alive." But at this recollection a fresh burst of grief checked the poor lady's utterance.

John stood by silent and perplexed; he did not understand this voluble grief, and had no consolations to offer. Latterly he had not lived much at home, and even when there had dwelt principally in a happy atmosphere of his own; so he knew wonderfully little of his family, and found many details of their ways and characteristics puzzling. He stood now silent and at a loss while his sisters consoled their mother as best they could. He felt he had so little share or understanding of the scene that he was glad when someone summoned him to the library.

In the library the family solicitor was waiting to see him: an old man, somewhat gruff in his ways, the only person who knew anything about the late Mr. Feversham's affairs, and he had only just come by full knowledge with some difficulty. His face was very grave now and his manner additionally gruff, because the painfully acquired knowledge was painful and likely to give pain.

"Do you know anything of your father's fortune, his assets, affairs?" He asked John this rather abruptly, though he knew the answer.

John said that he did not; all that he or any of the family knew was that there had always been plenty of money.

"And necessarily there always will be? Is that the idea?" the solicitor inquired.

John had not really thought much about it.

"Haven't you?" the solicitor said. "Well, you'll have to think now, I'm afraid. You won't find it very pleasant thinking, either."

"You mean he was not as rich as we thought?" John asked.

The solicitor nodded. "He was not rich at all," he said; "that is, he did not die rich. A great deal of his income died with him; he never saved, as you know, and there are mortgages and claims. But we'll go into details later; the thing I want to bring to your attention now is that there is very little left—very little. Not much more a year for you all, widow and children too, than the allowance your father used to make you—a good allowance for a young man, but for a widow and children—well, well, well!"

John sat very quiet during this news—too quiet to please the gruff old lawyer, who was himself sore because he was giving pain.

"You expected this?" he asked rather curtly.

"No," John answered.

The old man looked him over sharply, but could not discover what he thought or felt, or if he thought or felt at all.

"You had better break it to your mother," he said, rising and walking to the window; "it will fall heavy on her, a delicate woman who has never known a care. It's hard on you all, very hard, but hardest on her."

"Yes," John said simply, and, concluding it was expected of him, went to his mother. It might have been better, perhaps, if he had told one of the sisters first and left her to pass the news on; but it seemed he was to do it, so he went to Mrs. Feversham direct and told her in the only way he knew, simply and straightforwardly. Afterwards he offered her what sympathy he could and used the few tender phrases that came awkwardly enough to him—on paper they would have been easy, in words so hard! Not that it mattered much what he said, no one heard it: Mrs. Feversham's grief overwhelmed everything, and she sobbed in a very abandonment of woe over all her troubles, past, present, and future, joined in one.

The two unmarried daughters, Clara and Sybil, hearing sounds of distress, came hurrying in to learn the cause. Clara, on grasping the situation, joined her mother in a fellowship of tears; but Sybil set to finding some means to staunch the immediate grief. The means were trivial: a suggestion as to selling a disliked horse, the use to be made of the drawing-room carpet, the advantage of an excuse for giving the cook notice—but in time they were partially effectual. And John, wondering greatly, admired her.

"What a good girl you are, Sybil!" he said, when Mrs. Feversham and Clara, somewhat soothed, had been induced to "go and lie down," apparently an infallible feminine panacea.

"One must do something when mamma goes on like that," Sybil said, arranging the sofa, disturbed by her mother in her excitement. "You should be more careful how you tell her things."

"I know I'm a perfect idiot," John said humbly; "but I didn't know how else to do it—a fact is a fact, you see."

Sybil nodded. "It is a fact, I suppose?" she asked.

John was only too much afraid there was no room for doubt. "I'm awfully sorry," he said sympathetically. "It'll make a difference to your being married, I suppose? Dear old girl, I wish I could do something!"

"Thank you," Sybil answered in her quiet judicial way; "but I don't believe it will make very much difference. I think Henry cares for me, not for what I was likely to have; and if he gets that appointment at the Cape, we could marry when the year's mourning is up, or soon after. In the meantime"—she looked round the room—"we can't afford to go on living here; nearly everything will have to be sold. Oh, dear! What scenes we shall have with mamma!"

John, after what he had seen, could

believe it, and he felt glad to think there was a Sybil to deal with them. A calm and judicious young person she was, prepared to plan for the whole family and settle John's future with no more than a cool comment on his part.

"I wonder if Uncle John would take you into his business?" she said. If he would, that would be splendid; but I'm afraid it is doubtful, you have never had any commercial training. Still, if he wouldn't do that he might be able to help you to get something in the City. Of course law is out of the question, and you have never done anything else."

Sybil did not recognize that poor novel as "anything," though she had written him a nice letter when it was published. It was not anything that could be introduced into the present count, of course, only he would have liked it mentioned. Uncle John, too, whose favor was to be sought, was his pet objection among relations and men. With praiseworthy fortitude, however, he refrained from mentioning that now, and agreed to consult the worthy if unpleasant person at an early date.

It was thus that John Feversham quitted the quaint chambers in the oldest part of the City and the nominal pursuit of law which he exercised there, and went to live with his family in a suburban neighborhood. The change of fortune which had befallen pressed on them all, including the married daughter, whose husband was by no means wealthy. She, however, said little about it, she and Sybil and John not being given to saying much, perhaps because Mrs. Feversham and the ornamental and entirely useless Clara said such a very great deal. Younger than Clara came Katie, not yet seventeen, but able to arrange her own affairs. She decided she would qualify for a teacher, and, since studies in Paris and Dresden were out of the question, she would finish her educa-

tion near at hand and as cheaply as might be; feeling herself bound, so she told John, to pay the family back what it might cost as soon as she earned anything. Below Katie there were five boys, the youngest two twins—Francis and Hugh. It was Francis who became the Great Feversham. These five were placed at cheap day-schools in the near neighborhood of the new home, and their elders had quite as much of their society as they wished.

As for John, he approached Uncle John, who was a better man than his nephew gave him credit for, and with good result. Uncle John not only took him into his own office, but gave him more than he was worth so as to help the family. Privately he did not expect the young man to be worth much, but in that he was agreeably surprised: the young John proved quiet and industrious, neither giving himself airs nor other people trouble; for a half-fledged author, the old John thought him wonderfully satisfactory. And so it came about that every morning found John bound Londonwards and every evening saw him return. And his coat grew shabbier and his face lost something of the subdued fire which gave it individuality; and day by day, month by month, there died within him that glorious zest of life, the pure joy of being, thinking, living. He was growing cabbages, and it was dreary work; but he was growing the ash tree too.

He was finishing his second novel, in the early mornings and late at night, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. But it was hard work, no place free from noise and disturbance, no time when he could be sure of quiet and freedom from interruption. In his best hour he was always liable to be called to settle a fight between the little boys, and in his clearest time he always seemed wanted to mend something in the dilapidated old house: Mrs. Feversham had declined to live in a

modern house with modern conveniences because "they were all so suburban." But apart from these real and tangible interruptions there were other things which disturbed John's mind and thoughts, fitting qualms of conscience and a feeling of duty left undone. It would occur to him now and then that perhaps his mother wanted him; he was at home very seldom—she might wish for his society. But, so he told himself, he did not know what to say when he was with her. Or perhaps the boys wanted help with their lessons. But Katie was there, and she knew more than he did. Perhaps Sybil desired companionship. But, then, she had Clara. So he would answer himself, striving to shut his eyes; and because he did not all succeed and because he had a sensitively balanced conscience and mind he wrote with unhappiness and trouble and with but poor success. Thus things went through the autumn and winter, till at last the novel was finished and packed off to the publishers.

John built castles in the air; he would make up a little for his past disagreeableness when the money came. But, alas! it never came. The novel was declined with thanks by the firm who had published the first one. By another firm too, and by another and another. No one who was anyone would have the book, and John at last, bitterly against his will, accepted the judgment of the many and acknowledged to himself that it was a failure. Doggedly he set his lips and started to write it all over again, and gray weariness and disappointment sat at his elbow. But neither weariness nor disappointment would have turned him from his purpose, nor yet failure or defeat. Some men do not so much write that the world may read; rather because it is in them, their chiefest happiness, and because "the spirit giveth them utterance." So John. But one day when

he was writing he heard something which did what failure could not do.

It was a Saturday afternoon in April. He was at the time in his bedroom, which for pacific reasons, connected with the one occupied by the twins and the boy next older. The door between the rooms stood ajar, but the table where he usually wrote stood behind it, and Sybil and Katie, who came into the boys' room with some clothes, did not know he was home yet.

"You see, Katie," Sybil was saying as they entered, "it would be *wrong* to miss such a chance. The year's mourning is not up, it is true, but papa would not have wished me to consider that. Henry wants me to marry him and go out right away, and I shall do it; it would be *wrong* not."

Katie agreed, but without enthusiasm. "It will be splendid for you," she said "but beastly here when you have gone."

"It will be just the same as it is now," Sybil told her; but Katie did not agree.

"You know perfectly well it won't," she said. "I tell you what— Do let those clothes alone and listen to me. I tell you what I shall do—I shall marry the Professor."

"Don't talk such nonsense!" Sybil's remark was accompanied by the sound of shaking garments.

"It is not nonsense," came the answer. "I'm seventeen, and the Professor is not more than fifty, and awfully clever and rather well off—there is no need for him to lecture on geology at girls' schools, only he likes teaching. He would give up lecturing if he married me, and teach one girl in particular instead of a lot in general."

"But, Katie, is he fond of you?"

There was a sound of someone drumming on the window; then Katie's voice, rather low, from that part of the room. "I don't know; perhaps I ought not to have said I would marry

him like that. Of course he may not care for me."

"You know whether he does or not—you must know." Sybil sounded as businesslike as ever, till, with a sudden alteration of manner, she said: "Why, Katie, I believe you care for him!"

"I could if I let myself," came from the window, accompanied by more drumming, "and I shall when you marry."

"But who will look after things here?"

"They will look after themselves. I don't see that the family has much claim on me; besides, there is Clara."

"Clara is no use, you know that. The boys will simply run wild; no one will check them if you go."

"They do that already, pretty well; you have little authority, I have less, and John knows and cares nothing about them."

"Oh, John! You can't count on him."

Up to that point the writer had only been conscious of the conversation to wish, as he often had occasion to before, that the conversers would be quick and go. But at the mention of his own name he suddenly knew what they were talking about.

"He ought to count," Katie was saying; "he ought to care. If he did his duty he would be a real head of the house, not a dreamer shut up with his own fancies."

"My dear, he works all day for the family; writing is his hobby. He may just as well do that as play football or cricket or anything else. You don't understand men, Katie; they are not like women, they must have some relaxation, and John's has at least the merit of cheapness."

"Oh, stuff!" Katie said impatiently. "I suppose he will think it our fault if the boys go to the devil. Oh, it is strong language, I dare say, but none too strong! Who is going to manage them? I can't control them; Clara only

nags; and John, who might do something, shuts himself up when he is at home, or if he ever does come out he is so preoccupied and disagreeable he had better have stayed where he was."

Katie went out of the room as she delivered this judgment, and Sybil, after shutting a drawer and setting a chair straight, followed, leaving John to silence and such thoughts as made silence useless. He sat, the ink dry on his pen, the last word unfinished on his paper, staring straight before him and seeing there a vision of himself as others saw him. It hurt, hurt terribly; and Sybil's calm relegation of his writing to the sphere of recreations, pastimes, and hobbies not less than Katie's more sweeping condemnation of himself. At first surprise and pain were stronger than anything else, then anger and injury and a feeling of misjudgment. But soon the well-developed conscience began to assert itself. The old plaguing questions and doubts came back. What if the sisters were right after all? Were they right? He put the dry pen down and deliberately examined things; he recalled a hundred trivial trying incidents, his daily life in its daily detail; and everywhere and on every hand the hard judgment began to show just. He rose and began to pace the room; everything was wrong, he was wrong, life was absolutely and hopelessly wrong. But could he set it right? Could anyone? He walked and walked, struggling with the hopeless tangle; then all at once, with an unconscious gesture as if he pushed it from him, he sat down again. He could do nothing immediately, there was nothing to be done at present; he must observe first, set a watch on himself and the others, and make quite, quite sure that a remedy was needed, and that, as Katie said, the remedy was really within his power.

Acting on this determination, in the

days that followed he made careful observations of himself and the others, and so came to learn one or two things. The first was that he was completely outside the real life of the family; no one told him anything, no one asked him anything. No one expected him to sympathize with joys or troubles or share work or play. The second was that he was irritable if interrupted at work; if disturbed by a pillow fight in the next room when writing in the early morning, inclined to vent his feelings with unnecessary severity on the offenders; if called out to settle a dispute, more ready to stop it peremptorily than inquire into justice or the claim of either party. And the third discovery was that the five young brothers were badly behaved, badly trained, badly brought up, unchecked by their mother and beyond their sisters' control, going from bad to worse. There were other things he discovered, but they all tended the same way. Clearly he stood convicted; clearly it was set before him that a remedy was indeed needed. It did not lie within the sisters' powers, or within anyone else's; it might or might not lie within his, but duty shouted aloud that he should at least try.

Ay, but it was hard! There was but one thing for him to do—let the writing go. He could not work and write and keep his temper and his sympathies too; he could not attend to his business and the unreal world and his brothers' morals; he could not do his duty to his family and indulge his craving for ink as well. He could not, in fact, have the cabbage garden under the ash tree. And if it went it must be altogether, root and branch, every bit. Merely to leave off writing would not be enough for one who had it in the blood as he had; he must leave off thinking about it, dreaming of it, hoping for it. He must set some other aim before himself, have some other

standard and ideal; he must deliberately block out any future dream concerning it, and even cut off the past, destroying, for fear of his own weakness, anything that spoke of it, that told what had been and so whispered what might be.

He was no hero, and it was not at once that he came to this; it took a little time even genuinely to realize the need; but, being a simply honest sort of person, he reached that point comparatively soon. But the next was not easy; it was not easy to follow out the only possible course—it was bitterly, bitterly hard, for he loved the dream-people to whom he was called upon to say good-bye as he loved few real people; and the work, in spite of failure and weariness, was the one joy of a somewhat barren life. So he struggled and struggled, but in the end duty won; and, rightly or wrongly, necessarily or unnecessarily—and there may be some who say he could have done his duty without this trouble—he gave himself the command that the ash tree must come down.

The decision made, there was a sacrifice by fire. He chose an evening when the house was comparatively quiet and most of the family out. The one servant was out too, and the large kitchen—the best room in the old house—was empty. Down to the kitchen he carried his papers, his manuscripts, the Press notices of his first book, his own copy of it, even his blank paper, and there on the hearth he burned them. Close he stood, feeding the flames, stirring them when they sunk down, watching them flicker and blaze. Brightly they leapt, as hopes had leapt once; warmly glowing as fancy glowed then, building in their hearts, ephemeral faces, cities, palaces, as the words that were vanishing had built them once for the reader and the writer, the weaver of tales who would weave no more. And the fire shone

ruddy on the red brick floor and the eight-day clock ticked solemn and loud, and the crickets cheeped cheerily under the old hearthstones, and the vanishing words, the vanishing life, mattered to no one at all. The flames died down, for the last time they sank, the red ashes grew black, crumbled, fell. He stirred them for the last time; they did not glow again, there was no scrap of either red or white left, all was black, all was dust now, all dead. For a moment he stood looking, then he turned abruptly away, and, stumbling to a chair, stretched his arms upon the table and hid his face in them.

There was a black cat sitting before the fire; for a little it sat looking wisely at the charred papers; then it rose and, stretching, jumped on the table. Softly it rubbed itself against the extended arms, insinuatingly forced its nose under the bowed head. Doubtless it understood nothing, yet to utter loneliness the soft movement felt like sympathy. John moved a caressing hand, then raised his head. For a little he and the creature communed in silence, looking into each other's eyes, safe from incautious comment or too curious kind inquiry, seeing little but the afterglow of sunset. There were two old fruit trees at the back, all that was left of the beautiful garden that once surrounded the house. They stood clear, the villas behind sloped away so that the upper branches were outlined against the sky. They were in blossom now, delicate colors sharp against the sky, where the pure pale after-light still lingered. Some blackbird that mistook the two trees for country was singing a last good-night. John heard it, and, looking round, saw the trees and the rosy twilight, and for a moment his eyes grew dim. At least this was left him. It still was a world of sunsets, even in the city; of fruit blooms, of autumn glows, even in crowded streets; and sweet

wild promises of springtime for old men and for young. This still was left, and not himself or another could take it from him. Thank God for that!

.

The sacrifice was made, but that was the beginning rather than the end of the difficulty. John found his next steps almost as hard as his last, for, though they were smaller matters, they depended on other people. To begin with, the family, not knowing about the sacrifice, mistook his intentions and rather resented his efforts; there were some of them who undoubtedly would rather have him out of the way writing. Then, too, he was shy and awkward; he found it difficult to make overtures, and more difficult still to re-make them when he was rebuffed. It cannot be said that he received much encouragement. Sybil was busy getting her trousseau; she probably never even realized that he was any different or trying to do any differently; for so soon as the trousseau was ready she was married, and sailed for the Cape, amidst the lamentations of her mother. Katie, too, was busy at that time studying geology, perhaps with a view to the Professor, for before long her engagement to him was announced, also amidst the lamentations of her mother, who thought she might have done better. She was married in the following autumn, and went to New Zealand for a protracted and geological honeymoon. Clara, it is true, seemed at first inclined to appreciate John's overtures; but finding they did not bring her much in the way of gaiety, she soon grew tired of him and snubbed him back to his original position. With Mrs. Feversham John was not much more successful, partly because they mutually misunderstood one another and partly because he so often overlooked small things, and at first at all events could not realize that they

made the sum total of the important in life to her.

There remained, however, the five boys, and John comforted himself, whatever else befell, he could do his duty to them. They did not want him any more than the others, and he knew even less how to approach them or how to begin his self-appointed task; in despair he just seized on the first definite thing that occurred to him and did that. He took them to church; they did not want to go, but he had a vague idea it might do them good. And if it did nothing else it insured that for an hour and a half each week they were quiet and considered things and conformed to someone's notion of decent behavior. After the first few weeks he began to notice their outside appearance, and took it upon himself to see they were clean and tidy when they did go to church; which also they did not care about. He spent his evenings superintending their lessons—Katie was too busy now to do it; he recalled his forgotten Latin, and on his journeys to and from town relearned Euclid so as to help those who had stuck in the first book. He began to give attention to their grievances too; studied the matters under dispute and quelled the riots which occasionally occurred, after interrogation and with a strict attention to justice. Later he did his best to moderate their language and otherwise superintend their moral welfare, even to the extent of calling in the old-fashioned remedy of the birch, which, to their credit it must be said, they thought quite fair and accepted in a sportsmanlike spirit when they could not honestly evade it in the same. By November, when Katie was married, he had begun to have a certain amount of control; even he, disheartened by many disappointments, could see that. But it seemed to him he was nothing but a necessary evil to his brothers;

at first he found it very hard to be anything else, for he found it very difficult to enter into their playtime. But by slow degrees he managed even that; his life was so desperately empty he craved for something to fill it, and his interest in them, their schoolfellows, and any trifle they would tell him was so genuine as, after a time, to attract confidence. Besides, he soon found there were definite things he could do even here; on rare half-holidays he could take them to the pit at a pantomime or a circus. Oh! the excitement of getting in, the difficulty of not losing one of the five in doing it! He could remember their birthdays too, and make a festival of Christmas. He did make a festival of that first Christmas after the ash tree came down—a wonderful, cheap Christmas, with little money, and much thought, Clara and her mother away, and riotous games in the shabby old house.

And so he went, feeling his way, seeking duty, only duty, till by degrees he began to lose all aptitude for anything else; till, lo! it became pleasure to him, the one thing in his life. Gradually he came to live for that only, for the boys, their work, their play, their ambition and success. Month in, month out, year in, year out, nothing else much troubled him, nothing else at all gave him pleasure. When he discovered Francis' real aptitude for literature he was a happy man, perhaps almost as happy as when he had discovered his own; he felt that fate had been kinder to him than he deserved. Only he determined that Francis should have all the training possible to get, all the encouragement possible to give; in him, if it could be, the dream-people should live and not die. Thus things went, not for months but for years.

There were fifteen years of bondage; then came release. Of course the bonds had slackened a little before then, as far as immediate money pres-

sure was concerned. Uncle John's estimate of his nephew had gradually risen, and with justice; and the nephew's salary had risen too; but improved income had only meant greater advantages for the boys. Now, however, at the end of fifteen years, old John died, leaving young John (he was forty) sole possessor of the business and much stored wealth besides. The yoke was off at last.

At last! He sat alone in the little bedroom which had seen so many struggles first to write, and afterwards far more terrible struggles not to write. The ink-love had died hard, how hard no one knew; over and over again in the years which were gone the stump of the ash tree had sprouted and put forth twigs seeking life; and over and over again he had cut them away. But by degrees they had grown less frequent and weaker, and at last ceased altogether. The little bare room had seen all this and much besides. He looked round him now and tried to realize what had been and what freedom meant. He stretched his limbs as a man who puts down a burden; and, stretching, he looked at them almost unconsciously, and somehow became aware that his boots were neat and worn, that his coat-sleeves were neat and worn, that there was about him somehow an all-pervading air at once neat and worn. It filled him with a curious feeling of pain, and somehow surprise. He rose and looked in the small glass that stood upon his dressing-table. The face that looked back at him was a grave, kindly face, lined and marked a little, and with hair about the temples thinning and turning gray. There was nothing at all striking in the face, nothing to make it unlike hundreds of other faces that one can see any day, nothing that suggested that this man was not as other men. Perhaps a certain air of patient resignation, but certainly no touch of

the divine fire—it was neat and worn too. John had got used to that face and the change that had come so gradually; it ought not to have startled him as it did. He ought to have forgotten the face of fifteen years ago, restless, hopeful, young. He had forgotten till now, but now he remembered, and somehow almost expected to see it back. There were other things he expected back too—was sure would come in the new leisure which was dawning: the old nature, the old tastes, the old powers, the dream-people whom he had slain.

But, alas! they did not come; the leisure was there, but not the power to use it. His back had so long been bent to the burden that he could not quite straighten it now. His ash tree, his beautiful tree with its all-shading branches and greedy roots, had been cut down; it had been lopped and chopped, burnt with fire, dug out, destroyed, there was but a half-charred stump left, a landmark few but he could see, without life or hope of budding. It was dead past all recall. He did not believe it, he expected life to come back with leisure, he sought to recall it; and when it did not come he sought again and again—no one knew how he sought. He would not accept defeat any more than he accepted defeat in his earlier struggles. But this was another matter and one beyond his control. "I must give it time," he said; "it will come in time. I have forgotten, but I can relearn."

But it did not come, it never came again; at last he knew it, for he could not deceive himself. The love of the craftsman was still his, even though the skill was gone; he could not mistake the counterfeit for the real, and the real was gone from him. And when he knew this for the first and last time, he strove no more, but quietly put the whole from him and laid away the little old inkpot which

had come out again, as a mother lays by her dead baby's shoes.

For the family, of course, the fortune was a considerable blessing. The married sisters felt the advantage—they were all married now, Clara too; she had bestowed herself rather late on a poor curate, who was the poorer for the bestowal. The boys benefited much; they were men now, even Francis and Hugh were almost men, but the money helped them all a little. They were mostly out in the world, some abroad, some with homes of their own; Francis, however, was still at home, and for him and in him John rejoiced. For him at least the fortune had not come too late—Francis should travel, Francis should work only at the congenial work of literature, Francis should have what he himself had dreamed of, Francis should be great.

And Francis had it all and did it all, and more than fulfilled the hopes and ambitions. And—some people find this surprising—really remained much attached to John even though he did not understand the legend of the cabbage garden. He did not, of course, always continue to live at home with John; it would have been inconvenient all round, he said—and John acquiesced. So when he began to be famous and independent he had chambers in town; not quite the part where John had them long ago, further west. And John and his mother lived together some way out of town. They had a beautiful garden and many pear trees, which pleased John, and a brougham, which pleased his mother; and usually one or other of the daughters or their children to stay with them, for Mrs. Feversham still found John poor company. And John was content. Only perhaps sometimes—not very often, just now and then—he found himself thinking rather hungrily of the old days of cramped means and circus pits, of Euclid and face-washing and

church-going and young brothers in whom he lived. But quickly he would call himself to order and remember the other children, the nieces and nephews who were all so absurdly, astonishingly and unreasonably fond of Uncle John—Uncle John who was never too tired or too busy for children's sorrows and joys, never too wise or too hard for youth's wrongs, hopes, and distresses—Uncle John whom Divine Wisdom saved from the dream-people to bestow thus upon the real.

The cabbage-grower had said he failed when he tried to grow roses in
The Cornhill Magazine.

his parable garden—the roses of loves and joys beside the humble cabbages of duty—and perhaps he did. Yet the roses seem to have come there; thickly they came, flourishing and blooming of their own accord in these later days, blooming everywhere about the path, a success even as the cabbages. And they were a magnificent success, especially the Great Feversham.

But who really was the Great Feversham some may question, for there is a certain old saying which runs "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Una L. Silberrad.

THE MAGIC OF PROPINQUITY.

In the minds of most men there is a curious propensity to root up remote and occult reasons for things, despising the superficially obvious: as though one should spend his time truffle-hunting and trample the finest mushrooms in his quest. The more palpable and plausible *raisons d'être* are rejected; and this is why propinquity goes beggared of its dues. It is the solution of many otherwise insoluble problems, the reconciling of elements impossibly incongruous; and if there be a factor more potent in human affairs, let the discoverer announce his treasure-trove. Propinquity is magnetism masquerading as circumstance; it is predestination posing as chance. That useful phrase, "contiguous adhesiveness," which occurs in works on moral science, goes far to express some qualities of propinquity which defy a more explicit definition. And yet there are other attributes, which partake so unanswerably of the marvellous that a materialist will discreetly waive them. Something of magic, of mystery, of psychic forces beyond our control, of telepathic suggestions as yet unclassified—these

are constituents of propinquity, and claim a share in its results, immeasurably beyond the bald outcome of "contiguous adhesion." Moreover, in proportion as time and space contract at the touch of science, the possibilities of propinquity sensibly expand! they are already on the road to realms illimitable.

The world is peopled by propinquity. It bears the fundamental responsibility of most marriages, especially among the lower classes. Love at first sight is a rare and rarer event; but the constant proximity of potential lovers usually culminates in wedding-bells. Else how account for the amazing pairs in double harness who constantly pass us, like a Derby Day procession? Each couple is, to our assuming, more ill-assorted than the last; could we have had the mating of them, at least there would have been "grace of congruity." Yet, strange to say, they appear quite contented. Possibly that tolerant acquiescence in each other, which at first did duty for any more lively emotion, solidifies into as good an imitation of love as most of us may deserve or ex-

pect. Perhaps, indeed, it may wear even better than the genuine article, which is apt, according to all the wisdom of the ancients, to suffer a sea-change when storms arise. Nay, more; in the very countenances of those long-wedded a strange similarity accrues, until you shall perceive in husband and wife such unity of unmistakable likeness that they might pass for brother and sister. The mental resemblance, if we credit the cynic of *Locksley Hall*, is no less apparent. And, indeed, the effects of propinquity extend themselves into such inconceivable quarters as may hardly be hinted at, and could scarcely be credited. Even the *couvade*, which perished under the trouncing of Aucassin in its last European haunt at Toureloure town, and only lingers, secretly and obsolescent, among certain savage tribes—even the *couvade*, has occasionally its justification, or very nearly so. As time passes, propinquity toughens into necessity; and when the last separation wrenches man and wife apart, it is often but for an hour or two. Through sheer force of habit old Darby is incapable of sustaining a life that lacks old Joan.

But matrimony, that "conspiracy of two against the world," reveals propinquity in its less doubtful aspects. The contagion of bad company is notorious; some men are especially susceptible, taking color from their environment much as flora and fauna do. They succumb without resistance to that evil *aura* emanating from vicious comrades, to which others might present a stone-wall indifference. And then the wise-acres crystallize platitudes into proverbs—"Birds of a feather flock together"; "A man is known by his friends"; or, in the immortal words of *English as she is spoke*, "Tell me whom thou frequent, I will tell you which you are!" On a larger scale, these curiosities of propinquity repeat themselves in the delirious excesses of

crowds. A communicable madness inspires their frenzy; the multitude perpetrates that to which no single man would have consented. When two armies or two navies are in each other's immediate vicinity the air is so thick with mutual incitements to slaughter that a single spark of accident may wreck the diplomacy of a century. And in the ensuing warfare even the arch-foe will be shorn of his terrors; for a contemptuous familiarity is bred of propinquity to death.

That transparency of mind by which one's unspoken thoughts become the property of another seldom exists except between those on terms of the closest affection; but it is capable of influencing whole communities. Hence the astounding eccentricities of certain sects, and the unaccountable sequences of obsession which occur from time to time among the half-civilized.

But there is one direction in which you may indulge propinquity to the top of its bent; where you may yield yourself absolutely to the spell of it, until you become conscious of something far more deeply interfused with the fibres of your being than ever your spendthrift days have found. In that communion with Nature, at which so many have dimly guessed, which so few may hope to realize, propinquity is the outward manifestation of a spiritual oneness—a union such as experience can but vaguely suggest. It is comparable to the love of mother and child, in that it takes hold upon eternity; yet it transcends all that we know of human relationships and their inexorable final tragedy. For, though that process by which one is reabsorbed into his mother Nature, till his pulse beat in utter unison with hers, be but a gradual growth, it has promise of futurity; and to be "rolled round in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees" implies, at least, a continuance rather than a suspension of vital forces "The

sounding cataract haunted me like a passion"; that is what Wordsworth said of himself. But for his ideal woman he projected, not mere intimacy of companionship, not even passionate love, which implies dual existences, but complete assimilation between Nature and mortality. "Beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face. . . . Hers shall be the breathing balm, and hers the silence and the calm of mute insensate things."

For such a process a lifetime is too short. To detach oneself from all that would hamper, to sit loose from bodily desires, is not the work of a day; but the reward is sure and sufficient. The

The Outlook.

voice of the sea, a sounding brass to the uninitiated, murmurs unimagined arcana to the adept. The secrets of the wind, the mysteries of the hills—these are not tittle-tattle for any lounging vagrant. They are only whispered in the eager ear after nights and days of prayer and fasting. But this, as Richard Jeffries averred, "is real life, and all the rest is illusion or endurance." From the ultimate springs and sources of joy a man may satisfy his doubts. The dust and grime that clog his soul's breath shall be washed away in dew. He need be no pantheist who finds among the pensive solitudes of Nature a short cut to God.

DISCURSIONS.

THE DINNER PARTY.

Scene—The Library of a Country House at 5.15 p.m. on an Autumn afternoon. Tea is just over. He is about to light a cigarette. She is still sitting in her presidential position at the tea table.

He. But what's the point of having a dinner? Why have we got to give one? What's the use—

She (scornfully). Don't be a base utilitarian. There's no use in a cigarette, but you're going to have one.

He. I am, if I can make one of your matches burn.

[He strikes a wax match viciously. The top drops off alight and settles on his thumb.]

He (shaking the injured part violently). Ow! Ow! Why will you have these rotten matches? I haven't got a limb on my body which isn't burnt to a cinder through this new mania of yours for cheap matches. *(He sucks his thumb vigorously.)*

She (laughing heartily). Oh, my dear Charles, if you could see yourself now!

He. That's right; laugh away. I suppose if you saw me blazing all over

you'd think it the best joke in the world. *(Continues sucking.)*

She (seriously). Certainly not, Charles. I should be very, very sorry. I should run very fast for the extinguisher, and I should do my best—yes, Charles, my very best—to put you out. How can you be so cruel as to doubt me? *(Turns her head away, sniffs, and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.)*

He (laughing uneasily). Oh, don't let's have any more nonsense. About this dinner, now. What day did you—

She. Never mind about the dinner. I see it worries you, and I'm not sure it doesn't worry me. Let's give it up.

He. I don't see why—

She. No, Charles, we'll give it up. I wanted to tell you about baby. He was so sweet just now. He had got his feet entangled in his frock, and nurse was trying to arrange him, and he turned quite red with rage and hit her on the head—

He (admiringly). The little rascal.

She (continuing). And then he opened his little arms to her and smiled like an angel, and wouldn't be satisfied until

she'd kissed him. I often wonder where that child gets his sweet disposition from.

He (gallantly). I don't.

She. Well, perhaps it is so. Your mother told me you had charming ways as a child.

He. But about this dinner. I daresay we'd better get it over.

She. Just as you like, of course. There's really no absolute necessity, but perhaps— (*She pauses.*)

He. What were you going to say?

She. I thought perhaps a little hospitality of that sort might be expected of us.

He. I daresay you're right. Let's—

She. But mind, Charles, I don't want the dinner. In fact, I shall be happier without it, but if *you* think we ought to, of course I'll do by best.

He (cheerfully). All right. You can put it on me I'll carry the burden. What date?

She (with alacrity). Tuesday the 20th.

He. Right. (*Enters it in a little red pocket-book.*) Whom shall we ask?

She (diffidently). We ought to have the Lampeters, I suppose, and the Bowles-Dicksons, and the Collingswoods.

He (airily). Why not the Dorleys?

She. The Dorleys! Of course, if you want paint and powder, Mrs. Dorley's the one.

He. Oh, come, she's not as bad as all that. I thought she'd cheer it up a bit, that's all.

She. Yes, she's just the sort of Punch.

woman that twists all you men round her little finger. You're all as blind as a bat, and you're the battiest of the lot.

He (with a suspicion of jaunty devilry). Didst think me blind when—

She. A lucid interval. No, Charles, I was the blind one then. However, have your Dorleys. Only, if you do, I'll have Captain Okes and his sister.

He (loudly). No, no.

She (insistently). Yes, yes. Captain Okes has a bold, free, irresistible way with him, and even if Mary Okes has turned forty she's a pattern of all the girlish virtues.

He. Let's toss.

She. Right (*He produces a coin and tosses.*)

She. Heads!

He. Tails it is. (*He pauses.*) I choose the Okeses.

She (loudly aside). He has a noble heart after all. (*To him.*) You shall have the Dorleys too. It shall never be said—

He. I don't want the Dorleys now.

She. And I don't want the Okeses.

He (resignedly). Let's have the lot.

She. All right. That makes twelve with ourselves. Now come up and see baby.

He. But hadn't you better get the invitations off? There's not too much time left, you know.

She (with sweetness and dignity). My dear Charles, what do you take me for? I sent all the invitations out yesterday.

He. Well, I'm—

(*Curtain.*)

MILTON.

(AN ODE READ AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE ON MILTON'S BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 9.)

Soul of England, dost thou sleep,
Lulled or dulled, thy mighty youth forgotten?
Of the world's wine hast thou drunk too deep?
Hast thou sown more than thy hands can reap?
Turn again thine ear
To that song severe,
In thine hour of storm and war begotten!

Here in towered London's throng.
In her streets, with Time's new murmur seething,
Milton pacing mused his haughty song.
Here he sleeps out feud and fret and wrong.
Nay, that spirit august
Tramples death's low dust,
Still for us is kindled, burning, breathing.

He, on whose earth-darkened sight
Rose horizons of the empyrean
And the ordered spheres' unhasting flight;
He, who saw where, round the heart of Light,
Seraphs ardent-eyed
Flamed in circle wide,
Quiring music of their solemn pæan.

When through space a trouble ran
(Like a flush on serene skies arisen)
That from this dim spot of earth began,—
Rumor of the world's new marvel, Man,
From whose heart's beat sped
Hope, hazard, and dread
Past earth's borders to hell's fiery prison:

He, who saw the Anarch's hate
Tower, winged for woe; the serpent charming
Eve in her imperilled bower; the Gate
Barred, and those two forms that, desolate
Mid the radiant spheres,
Wept first human tears;
Earlier war in heaven, and angels arming:

He who, like his Samson, bowed,
Tolling hardly tasked and night-enfolded,
Steered his proud course to one purpose vowed,
As an eagle beats through halling cloud
Strong-winged and alone,
Seeking skies unknown;
He whose verse, majestically moulded,

Moves like armed and bannered host
Streaming irresistible, or abounding
River in a land's remoteness lost.
Poured from solitary peaks of frost,
And far histories brings
Of old realms and kings,
With high fates of fallen man resounding:

This is England's voice that rang
Over Europe; this the soul unshaken
That from darkness a great splendor sang.

Beauty mightier for the cost and pang;
Of our blood and name
Risen, our spirits to claim,
To enlarge, to summon, to awaken!

The Times.

Laurence Binyon.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Epistle to the Hebrews, with an introduction and notes by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago (The Macmillan Co.), is of interest as the initial volume in a series to be published under the general title of "The Bible for Home and School," edited by Professor Shailer Matthews, also of the University of Chicago. The intention of the editor is to place the fruits of modern Biblical investigation at the disposal of laymen in general and Sunday-school teachers in particular. The text generally followed is the Revised Version, and the notes are brief, unpedantic and illuminating.

Three new books for young people come from the busy presses of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. "A Full-Back Afloat," by A. T. Dudley, introduces Dick Melvin, already familiar to the readers of the Phillips-Exeter series, in the new role of a cattleman on an Atlantic steamship, in which he finds plenty of adventures. "Dorothy Dainty's Gay Times," by Amy Brooks, is a book for little girls, the seventh in the series to which the small heroine gives its name,—the author being her own illustrator, as in the other volumes in the series. "From Keel to Kite" by Isabel Hornibrook, is a spirited story of a Gloucester boy who made adventurous fishing trips, all the time cherishing an ambition to become a builder of ships, which was finally realized.

"The Friendly Craft," edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, is in-

tended as a companion volume to Mr. E. V. Lucas's "The Gentlest Art" and it is not too much to say that it bears the inevitable comparison extremely well. Mr. Lucas confined his selections to the letters of Englishmen and women; Miss Hanscom has found a field hardly less rich and varied in the correspondence of Americans. The arrangement of the book as well as its outward appearance suggests Mr. Lucas's compilation. There is the same whimsical grouping, the same wide range from grave to gay, and the same delightful humor in the headings. Altogether, the fruit of Miss Hanscom's gleanings is one of the most charming books of the season. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Lillian Whiting's "Paris the Beautiful," which Little, Brown & Co. publish in attractive holiday dress, with numerous illustrations from photographs and a colored frontispiece, is an enthusiastic bit of writing, as was to have been expected, and it is dedicated to Mr. Henry Haynie, another enthusiast in the same field. Miss Whiting devotes much space to the scientific men of Paris, and to their recent discoveries. She gives a chapter to the spring salons, and another to the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. She describes fully the Pantheon, but does not attempt to describe the churches. This is no guide-book, but a pleasant bit of rambling literature in which the author recalls agreeable memories to justify her affection for the city, and her belief that "in it

the spiritual energy and greatness equal the loveliness and enchantment of atmosphere."

One might go far afield without finding more pleasing or satisfactory Christmas gifts for young or old than are included in the more than three hundred volumes of Everyman's Library. Attractive in type and binding, and sold at the small price of thirty-five cents a volume, the books cover a wide range of literature. To mention but a few, Shakespeare's works may be found here complete in three volumes; Dickens's writings in twenty-two; Ruskin's in sixteen; Jane Austen's novels in five; the Waverley novels in twenty-five; Grote's History of Greece in twelve; while George Eliot, Balzac, Trollope, Thackeray, Kingsley, Charles Reade, Dumas and many others are represented by several volumes each with a prospect that the edition of their writings will be later made complete. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" never writes a book without a lurking spark of originality, and in her new story, "The Cradle of the Rose," one finds it in a marine phenomenon peculiar apparently to the waters off the coast of Brittany. In that part of the ocean the seaweed winds and weaves itself into huge mats which arise to the surface entangling and paralyzing the limbs of any unwary swimmer whom they encounter, and dragging him down to death. "The weed," as this phenomenon is locally known, opens and closes the story. Between lies a royalist conspiracy carried on by a woman to whom money is of no consequence, and who has hair reaching "far below her knees" and white as ermine, but the spies of the Third Republic outwit her. She is a fine creature and well matched by the hero, who seems to be some twenty years her

junior, and the improbability of the tale, and of the hair, do not occur to one until both hero and heroine are safe forever. Harper & Brothers.

The Illustrated Bible Dictionary, which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish in a massive volume of about one thousand pages, is a wholly new work. It is edited by the Rev. William C. Piercy with the assistance of more than a hundred of the best English Biblical scholars of the day. It is the only available work which embodies the results of the latest Biblical scholarship; and its scope and purpose are indicated by the statement in the introduction that the Dictionary is frankly "conservative" in the right sense of that much-abused term, but that none of the additions of value which have been made to our knowledge by "criticism" have been neglected. The different contributors have had full liberty of utterance, and there are cross references from one article to another which facilitate the comparison of views. Special attention has been given to archaeology, geography, and bibliography, and there are nearly forty maps and plans and three hundred and sixty-five illustrations, some full-page and some printed with the text.

Miss Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's gift of humor, which distinguishes her above all other American women who write, is accompanied by the more common gift of pathetic imagination, and to her "The Perfect Tribute" she has now added a little Christmas story entitled "The Better Treasure" even more original in its wholesomeness. The unfortunate hero, after a long interval of misfortune, finds himself on Christmas eve tantalized by the knowledge that comfort and success might come to him if only he had a few thousands belonging to his rich kinsman, and by chance thrown almost at his feet. He re-

solves to steal them, justifying himself by the specious excuses always ready for the use of the sinner, and then comes one of the daily miracles which any devout man humbly notes along his way, and a soul is saved, and the human angel who sees the little drama rejoices. Two charming little children, not too clever to be sweet and humble, are the agents of the miracle and say the last words to the repentant hopeful man. Bobbs, Merrill Co.

Mr. H. M. Cundall's "A History of British Water Color Painting," is illustrated by some sixty pictures in color reproducing illuminations, miniatures, and water colors. Among the last are three Turners, a Prout, a Cattermole, "A Vineyard Walk at Lucca," by Ruskin; Rossetti's "Borgia Family"; Walker's "Rainy Day at Bisham"; Whistler's "The Beach"; Sir Edward C. Burne-Jones's "Venus Epithalamia"; Millais's "The Eve of St. Agnes," all, it will be noted, selected to show the salient characteristics of their painters. The "History" is a series of biographies, the lights of the various organizations grouped together, Royal Society, Associated Artists, Royal Institute, in separate chapters. In appendices are chronological lists of the members of each society, and a biographical list of British water color painters arranged alphabetically. The book is handsomely and substantially bound, but its full merits do not reveal themselves until submitted to rather severe examination. The book is in future a necessary part of all art libraries and reference libraries. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Howells's "Roman Holidays" is characterized by a cheerful pleasure in everything which it records as seen or done. Mr. Howells is at his best from the moment of his first rejoicing at the beauty of Madeira, to his last declaration of pleasure in the new cathedral

at Monte Carlo. Between these are gay descriptions of two visits to Genoa; of strolls through Pisa, of which the architecture as seen in photographs showing colonnade piled on colonnade has what the milliners call a "shirred effect," comically belying its material and its beauty; of a week at Leghorn, and of the admirable hotel with real steam heat there discovered; of Naples and her noise, and of Rome changed in forty years but, upon the whole, changed for the better. In general he is a shrewd observer and his remarks may amaze some of those who picture Italy as living in a state of trembling joy that she is "United"; but he is a believer in the monarchy. The illustrations of the book are excellently chosen landscapes, interiors, and street views, and if one prefer to neglect them the text supplies pictures enough for any fancy. Harper & Brothers.

Fifty years ago, the Yankee boy knew the whale as he knew the North American Indian, from reading the narratives of those who had paid dear for the knowledge, but to-day he learns of both from professional makers of books, and neither the whales nor the Indians are quite the same. Now comes Mr. John R. Spears, who loves the sea and all that floats upon it, and writes, not for boys, but for men, "The Story of New England Whalers," but the boys will soon discover it and make it theirs. Meantime, it is a gallant tale that begins with the meeting at Easthampton, L. I., in 1651, at which "It was ordered that Goodman Milford shall call out ye town by succession to loke for whale." They looked the wide earth over "for whale" as the centuries passed, and Mr. Spears's book is one long chaplet of tales, each one sufficient foundation for a nautical novel; many of the sort that draw tears from the sternest, and here and there one en-

counters a mariner as quaint as if Mr. Jacobs had imagined him, and the whole book is simple truth. At least one copy to a family is the rule for the proper distribution of this book in New England. The Macmillan Co.

"A Century of Archaeological Discovery" by Professor A. Michaelis, seems defined by its title, but it is more than a mere chronicle. It is the work of a master of science written in the hope of obtaining true appreciation and proper respect for his science, not for his own sake, but for the sake of knowledge. The mere names of the discoveries, one name to a line, occupy twelve octavo pages, and many of these names belong to collections including thousands of objects all of which were 125 years ago concealed from mortal vision. Archaeology of the spade is the author's name for his subject and he limits it strictly to the archaeology of art, and especially to the rise, the diffusion, and the deepening of the knowledge of Greek art. The translator is Miss Bettina Kahnweiler. For all purposes of reference this volume supplants the various encyclopedias and the work of individual explorers, and it is uncommonly agreeable reading for anyone with a sufficient enamel of ancient history and the classics to understand it. The pictures make one wonder at the courage of those who strove, in the old pre-photograph days, to copy ancient drawing, or to draw ancient sculpture. E. P. Dutton & Co.

President Eliot's new book on "University Administration" contains six lectures delivered this year under the Norman Walt Harris endowment at the Northwestern University. They are the fruit of nearly forty years of personal experience in one field, the Presidency of a University still controlled by the charter of 1650. The

subjects, University Trustees, An Inspecting and Consenting Body, The University Faculty, The Elective System, Methods of Instruction, Social Organization, are treated with severe simplicity. The lecture on the elective system, the first which teachers will seek, is not a defence so much as a plain statement of good results; and under the head of Methods of Instruction the written examination, the bogey of the indolent teacher and the empirical school board, is admirably explained. In matters pertaining exclusively to the University and to the College, the book will be found invaluable by those concerned in the same work as the author, and will long remain a monument of years spent in the trying light of publicity, spent with conscientious application and in fearless independence. If Dr. Eliot had left no other word for the encouragement of college and university instructors than this one volume the world might well have been content with his work in its behalf. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Perfect Courtier" is the second title which Mrs. Ady has given to the two superb volumes of her "Baldassare Castiglione," taking it of course from Castiglione's own book "Il Cortegiano," "the best book that was ever written upon good breeding" according to Dr. Johnson. In Italy a hundred editions appeared in less than a century after its first issue; seventeen times has it been republished in England and three reprints have been made during the last ten years. Naturally Mrs. Ady follows her studies of its author's contemporaries with this biography of the noblest of the circle, not the most successful but surely the happiest. If chance has kept his name from becoming as popularly familiar to English speaking folk as that of the Frenchman and the Englishman with whom one so often compares him as one

reads, it is not because he was not more than the peer of both, and in his day he was more widely known in Europe than Bayard or Sidney in theirs. It is possible that the very length of his name may have influenced both John Bull and Jonathan to refrain from making it a household word. Howsoever that may be the biography is the richest contribution to history yet made by its learned author and its illustrations constitute it a portrait gallery of the period. Castiglione's portrait by Raphael is the frontispiece of the first volume and a gracious company of ladies, princes, and churchmen follow. The binding is both rich and substantial and the printing clear and bold. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Calendars for 1909 for every mood and in every form and size are published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Among them are two Phillips Brooks calendars, one a block calendar with selections for every day in the year, and the other a calendar with illuminated text presenting selections for each month; "The Life Beautiful" with beautifully illuminated pages of verse decorated with flowers; a "Madonna and Child" calendar, with reproductions in color from the old masters, and a smaller "Madonna" calendar, similarly decorated; the "Lullaby" calendar, showing baby faces on each leaf; a "Lincoln" calendar, containing the same well-chosen selections that were used in the calendar for 1908 but with new calendar pages; a "Fra Angelico" calendar, with rich and exquisitely illuminated pages; "We Praise Thee, O God," a Te Deum calendar, and a "Kindness" calendar, in the form of booklets with decorated pages; the "Daily Strength" calendar, containing a Bible message for every day; "The Word in Season" calendar, each leaf of which presents a bit of helpful verse

by the late Charlotte Murray; the "Pearls of Faith" calendar, with selections in prose and verse for each month; "Our Cats" calendar which has on each leaf cat pictures which will delight all lovers of cats; "The Light of the World" and "Mother Thoughts" calendars, in medallion shape; the "Good Luck" calendar, in the form of a horse-shoe; a Lord's Prayer calendar and a Forget-me-not calendar, and, in lighter vein an Ingoldsby Legends, a Mother Goose and a (modern) Proverbs calendar.

The final word can never be said about a man of lasting genius, writes Professor Albert Elmer Hancock in the preface of his "John Keats, a Literary Biography," and certainly very few are the geniuses of whom one may even hope that it has been said. The entire absence of any new matter or the thoroughness with which the old has been threshed gives no manner of security to those who ask nothing but quiet in which to enjoy their own conception and estimate of the work of the genius. Professor Hancock has no new incident or word to offer; but he is displeased with the figure of Keats common to nineteenth century biography and criticism, the figure gently pitied or jeeringly despised. He prefers to see the Keats able to endure the horrors of the dissecting-room until he was prepared to be a dresser at Guy's; broad enough in his sympathies to love both Hunt and Haydon; sturdy enough to continue to work with small recognition or reward; man enough to love profoundly, and to go away to die when the end came. Bit by bit he breaks away the fragments of marble that conceal the statue in the block menning Keats to him, and it is a fine figure that he reveals, and the young readers who stand before it with no memories of the Marsyas with the lyre usually called Keats will be fortunate.

He has perhaps gone too far in his endeavor to make a new Hunt from the sorry relics of him whose poetry and honesty seem to have been kept in spiritual compartments between which there was no communication; but his Keats is a genuine gain to criticism. The book is choicely bound and illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

A white stone should mark the Christmas season that brings a book by Mr. Austin Dobson, and a book as characteristic as his new "De Libris" requires a mark especially long and especially white, all the more as it is illustrated from sketches by Mr. Hugh Thomson and Kate Greenaway. Essays on books alternating with gay verses on bookish subjects form the volume, and very good they are. "The Parent's Assistant" is considered in one of the longer papers, which does equal justice to good Maria and her critical and criticizing father. "Modern Book Illustrators" is a heading which links together laudatory papers on Miss Greenaway and Mr. Hugh Thomson, artists with whom Mr. Dobson must needs sympathize as kindred spirits; "A French Critic on Bath," summarizes two papers by M. A. Barbeau, "An Eighteenth Century Watering Place," and "Elegant and Literary Society at Bath under Queen Anne and the Georges," and so delightful does Mr. Dobson find the subject that he indulges himself in a five-page paragraph about it, leaving an American reader lost in wonder as to the oplate which he gave the proof-reader in order to have it printed undivided. For Thackeray lovers, is a paper on "Esmond," telling, among other things, what Miss Brontë thought of the story when she read it in manuscript, and there is a paper on Bramston's "The Man of Taste," which book it is just possible that everybody may not know even in Boston. The poems are in

the same key as the papers, appreciatively but not riotously witty, perfectly worded, showing intimate acquaintance, not smattering, with their subject, whatsoever it may be, and all too brief for the reader as is the book itself. Still it ends with promise of another, and that is something. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. S. M. Crothers occupies an agreeable position among those happy persons whose remarks are accepted as witty almost before they are spoken, and the five essays in his "By the Christmas Fire" are quite sure of being greeted as perfectly appropriate for the season. The first, "The Bayonet Poker," discovers a weapon, perhaps the very one saved from premature uselessness by Mulvaney's refusal to allow Mr. Kipling to use it to poke a camp-fire, now fitted with a handle and made useful. The second essay, "On Being a Doctrinaire," is a clever disquisition upon a common and obnoxious type. "The Literature of Disillusion" and "The Ignominy of Being Grown Up" follow, the first amusing and sensible, the second dealing charmingly with a pleasant child and severely with poor Maria Edgeworth, who believed in teaching, not in kindergarten. Last of all comes "Christmas and the Spirit of Democracy," condemning Boyle O'Reilly's lines on the statistical Christ, explaining some modern types to Scrooge and wishing for a Dickens to write a new "Christmas Carol" in accordance with the Spirit of Democracy, a statement exactly harmonizing with the spirit easily visible and audible in the almsgiving of many contemporaries. Mr. Crothers tells of a dinner given to indigent children and followed by a speech by a plethoric gentleman who insulted them by telling them of the duties of the indigent. Such dinners are now things of the past; the speeches

precede the dinners and if too long for the patience of the diners, they are howled down, the speakers retiring meekly, and the dinner being served with swiftness. This is the result of the diners' conviction that they are receiving only their due, for when the giver ceases to feel that he is sacrificing self the receiver instantly abandons gratitude. Scrooge very rightly prophesies that the new Dickens will not come for a long time. The volume is illustrated by excellent emblematic pictures, and has a rubricated title page and a cover upon which the title and the author's name form a cross of novel proportions. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

Max Rooses, the author of "Jacob Jordaens, his Life and Works," prophesies an increase in the interest in him which has for some years been steadily growing, and surely his beautiful book will be a powerful influence in causing such a result. The last twenty years have been productive in illustrated biographies of great painters, but none has been more superbly commemorated than the subject of this great quarto with its sixteen photogravures and equal number of other full-page pictures and its 250 text illustrations giving details of large pictures, and complete small pictures. If Jordaens be less well-known outside his own country than his great contemporaries, Rubens and Van Dyck, it is because he was so deeply Flemish in feeling and in spirit. As the author says, he preferred to paint only those things which he knew, and far from attempting to broaden his mind by considering other countries, other times, other customs, he deliberately enclosed himself in a Flemish world. He painted innumerable Holy Families and Adorations, and in no one of them is there a Semitic countenance or a Semitic trait. Moreover, even in Flanders, he confined himself to a narrow

range of models, and his kings are anything but regal, his few nobles are plebeian. Such an artist, howsoever superb his work, risks neglect from those whom he has neglected, and although Jordaens was in his life time known and esteemed beyond the borders of his own land, he was half forgotten in the eighteenth century, and nothing but the new gospel of good work regardless of subject brought him into prominence in the nineteenth. Good work is everywhere in his pictures. The monarch in "The King Drinks" may be a bulbous nosed old person, suggesting "the plump head waiter at the Cock," rather than any wearer of a crown: the Virgin in "The Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Stockholm Museum, may be at least fifty years of age and may have a retreating chin and the hands of a charwoman; nevertheless the king's glass glitters even in a photogravure, and the ugliness of Our Lady is as solid as marble. In "The Four Evangelists," one of his best works, there is nothing elevated, no sign that these are they to whom a great work has been entrusted, but the modelling of their faces is a marvel. Thus it is in nearly all his work; it inspires the craftsman, it is an emulation in the true artist, but it leaves ordinary beholders not interested in art for art's sake quite cold. The literary form of the book is simple and unornamented, but it abounds in good criticism, for the author, the Conservator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum, is deeply learned in art, and both impartial and discerning, and a thoroughly agreeable writer. Only a limited edition, 400, of the work has been printed, and these will hardly supply the demand of Art Museums and Libraries, and such copies of this first edition as may remain after they are supplied will be the prey of the bibliophile and the speculator. E. P. Dutton & Co.

